
THE
WORKS
OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOL. II.

THE LAST EDITION CORRECTED,

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES and ADDITIONS
never before printed.

A

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OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.



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THE
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OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOL. II.

Containing his
EPISTLES and SATIRES.



L O N D O N:
Printed for L. GILLIVER, 1735.

THE
WORKS

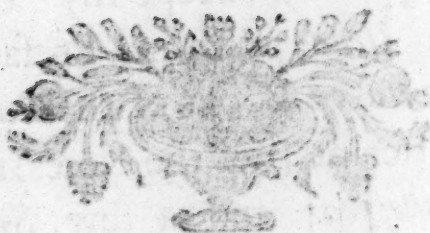
OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

VOL. II.



EPISTOLARIES.



BY W. D. O. M.

Printed for J. O. R. & Co. 1785.

THE
AUTHOR to the READER.

ALL I had to say of my *Writings* is contained in my Preface to the first of these Volumes, printed for *J. Tonson*, and *B. Lintot* in quarto and folio in the year 1717: And all I have to say of *Myself* will be found in my last Epistle.

I have nothing to add, but that this Volume and the abovemention'd contain whatsoever I have design'd for the press; except my Translation of the *Iliad*, with my Preface and Notes of twelve Books of the *Odyssey* with the Postscript, (not the Notes) the Preface to *Shakespear* and a few *Spectators* and *Guardians*. Whatever besides I have written, or join'd in writing with Dr. *Swift*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, or Mr. *Gay*, (the only persons with whom I ever wrote in

conjunction) are to be found in the four
Volumes of Miscellanies by us publish-
ed : I think them too inconsiderable to
be separated and reprinted here; never-
theless, that none of my faults may be
imputed to another, I must own, that
of the Prose-part, the *Thoughts on vari-
ous Subjects* at the end of the second vo-
lume, were wholly mine; and of the
Verses, the Happy Life of a Country
Parson, the Alley in imitation of *Spens-
er*, the Characters of *Macer*, *Artimesia*,
and *Phryne*, the Verses to Mrs. M. B.
on her birth-day, and a few Epigrams.

It is but justice to me to believe
that nothing more is mine, notwith-
standing all that hath been publish'd in
my Name, or added to my Miscellanies
since 1717, by any Bookseller whatso-
ever.

A. POPE.

Jan. I, 1734.



A N
ESSAY on MAN,
Being the First Book of
ETHIC EPISTLES.
T O
HENRY St. JOHN
L. BOLINGBROKE.

Written in the Year 1732.

AN
ESSAY ON MAN
Being an Inquiry into the Principles of
ETHIC EPISTLES

H. JOHN
L. BOLINGBROKE



Written in the Year 1732.

THE
DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) come home to Men's business and bosoms, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the Abstract, his Nature and his State: since to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral Precept, or to examine the Perfection or Imperfection of any Creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its Being.

The Science of Human Nature is, like all other Sciences, reduced to a few, clear points: There are not many certain Truths in this World. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind, as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels as will for ever escape our observation. The Disputes are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpen'd the Wits than the Hearts of Men against each other, and have diminish'd the Practice, more than advance the Theory, of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt Doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over Terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming out of all, a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect System of Ethics.

This I might have done in Prose; but I chose Verse, and even Rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that Principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retain'd by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in Prose it self; and nothing is truer than that much of the Force as well as Grace of Arguments or Instructions depends on their Conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious: or more poetically, without sacrificing Perspicuity to Ornament, without wandering from the Precision, or breaking the Chain of Reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity

What is now publish'd, is only to be considered as a general Map of MAN, marking out no more than the Greater Parts, their Extents, their Limits, and their Connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the Charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will become less dry, and more susceptible of Ornament. I am here only opening the Fountains, and clearing the passage; To deduce the Rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects would be a task more agreeable.

THE

T H E C O N T E N T S.

E P I S T L E I.

Of the NATURE and STATE of MAN,
with respect to the UNIVERSE.

OF *Man*, in the Abstract. — That we can judge only with regard to our *own System*, being ignorant of the *Relations* of Systems and Things, VER. 17, &c. to 69. That Man is not to be deem'd *Imperfect*, but a Being suited to his *Place* and *Rank* in the Creation, agreeable to the *General Order* of things, and conformable to *Ends* and *Relations* to him unknown, 69, &c. That it is partly upon his *Ignorance* of *future Events*, and partly upon the *Hope* of a *Future State*, that all his Happiness in the present depends, 73, &c. The *Pride* of aiming at more Knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cause of man's Error and Misery. The *Impiety* of putting himself in the place of *God*, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations, 109 to 120. The *Absurdity* of conceiving himself the *final Cause* of the Creation, or expecting that Perfection in the *moral* world which is not in the *natural*, 127 to 164. The *Unreasonableness* of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the Angels, on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes, 165.

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That to possess any of the *sensitive faculties* in a higher degree, would render him miserable, 181 to 198. That throughout the whole visible world, and universal Order and Gradation in the sensual and mental Faculties is observed, which causes a *subordination* of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of *sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason*; that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties, 199 to 224. How much farther this Order and *subordination* of living creatures may extend, above and below us? were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected Creation must be destroyed. The Extravagance, Madness, and Pride of such a desire, 225 to 260. The Consequence of all, the *absolute Submission* due to Providence, both as to our *Present* and *future* state, 273, &c.

EPISTLE II.

Of the NATURE and STATE of MAN, with respect to HIMSELF as an Individual.

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Of the NATURE and STATE of MAN,
with respect to HAPPINESS.

Happiness ill defined by the Philosophers, VER. 19. That it is the *End* of all men, and attainable by all, 28. God governs by *general*, not *particular Laws*: intends Happiness to be *equal*; and to be so it must be *social*, since all particular happiness depends on general, 35. As it is necessary for *Order*, and the peace and welfare of *Society*, that *External goods* should be *unequal*. Happiness is not made to consist in these, 47. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the *Balance* of Happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of *Hope* and *Fear*, 66. What the happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the Constitution of this World: and that the *Good man* has here the Advantage, 76. The error of imputing to *Virtue* what are only the calamities of *Nature*, or of *Fortune*, 92. The folly of expecting God should alter his General Laws in favour of particulars, 118. That we are not judges *who are good*? but that whoever they are, they must be *happiest*, 130, &c. That *external goods* are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of *Virtue*, 166. That even these can make no man happy *without Virtue*. Instanced in *Riches*, 176. *Honours*, 184. *Birth*, 203. *Greatness*, 213. *Fame*, 233. *Superior Talents*, 257. with Pictures of human Infelicity in men possess of them all, 275, &c. That VIRTUE ONLY constitutes a Happiness, whose Object is *Universal*, and whose Prospect *Eternal*, 304, &c. That the Perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a *Conformity* to the ORDER of PROVIDENCE here, and a *Resignation* to it here, and hereafter, 326. &c.

EPISTLE I.

A WAKE! my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the Pride of Kings.
Let us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man; 5
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield, 10
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar,
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise,
Laugh where we *must*, be candid where we *can*, 15
But vindicate the ways of *God* to man.

Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we *reason*, but from what we *know*?

Of the Nature and State of MAN with respect to
the UNIVERSE. V. 17, &c.] *He can reason only
from Things known, and judge only with regard to his
own System.*

8 ETHIC EPISTLES.

Of Man, what see we but his Station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
 Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
 'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.
 He who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs? 25
 What other planets, and what other suns?
 What vary'd being peoples every star?
 May tell, why heav'n made all things as they are.
 But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the whole ?
 Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
 Presumptuous man ! the reason wouldst thou find 35
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less ?
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade ? 40
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why J O V E's Satellites are less than J O V E ?

VER. 36, &c.] *He is not therefore a Judge of his own
 perfection, or imperfection, but is certainly such a Being
 as is suited to his Place and Rank in the Creation.*

Of

ETHIC EPISTLES. 9

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess
 That Wisdom infinite must form the *best*,
 Where all must *full* or not *coherent* be, 45
 And all that rises, rise in due *degree*;
 Then, in the scale of life and sense, 'tis plain
 There must be, *some where*, such a rank as Man;
 And all the question (wrangle e're so long)
 Is only this, if God has *plac'd him wrong*? 50

Respecting man whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to *all*.
 In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
 In God's, one single can *its end* produce, 55
 Yet serves to second too some *other use*.
 So man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know, why man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Now wears a garland, an *Ægyptian* god;
 Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend 65
 His action's, passion's, being's, use and end;
 Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity?

Then say not Man's imperfect, heav'n in fault;
 Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought; 70
 His being measur'd to his state and place,
 His time a moment, and a point his space.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their *present state*,
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know, 75
 Or who could suffer Being here below?
 The Lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
 Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood. 80
 Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n,
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A Hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms, or Systems, into ruin hurl'd, 85
 And now a bubble burst, and now a World!
 Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that *Hope* to be thy blessing now. 90
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
 Man never *is*, but always to *be* blest;

VER. 73.] *His happiness depends on his Ignorance to a certain degree.*

VER. 75. &c.] See this pursued in Epist. 3. vers. 70, &c. 83, &c.

VER. 87.] — *And on his Hope of a Relation to a future State.*

VER. 90.] Further open'd in Epist. 2. vers. 265. — Epist. 3. vers. 78. — Epist. 4. vers. 336, &c.

The

The soul uneasy, and confin'd at home,
Rests, and expatiates, in a life to come.

Lo! the poor *Indian*, whose untutor'd mind 95
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n, 100
Some safer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold,
To *be*, contents his natural desire, 105
He asks no angel's wing, or seraph's fire.
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy *Opinion* against *Providence*: 110
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust,
If man, alone, engrosses not heav'n's high care, 115
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;

VER. 109.] *The Pride of aiming at more Knowledge and Perfection, and the Impiety of pretending to judge of the Dispensations of Providence, the causes of his Error and Misery.*

Snatch

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the GOD of GOD!

In reas'ning *Pride* (my friend) our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies. 120
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :
And who but wishes to invert the laws 125
Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine ?
Earth for whose use? *Pride* answers, "'Tis for mine :
" For me kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flow'r; 130
" Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
" For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings :
" For me, Health gushes from a thousand springs ;
" Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me rise ; 135
" My footstool Earth, my canopy the Skies.

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, or nations to the deep ? 140

VER. 127.] *The Absurdity of conceiving himself the Final Cause of the Creation, or expecting that Perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural.*

No

No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause

" Acts not by partial, but by *gen'ral* *Laws*;

" Th' exceptions few : some change since all began,

" And what created, perfect?" Why then *Man*?

If the *great end* be human happiness, 145

Then Nature deviates, and can Man do less?

As much that end a constant course requires

Of show'rs and sunshine, as of man's desires,

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,

As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise. 150

If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'n's design,

Why then a *Borgia* or a *Cataline*?

From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;

Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:

Why charge we heav'n in those, in these acquit? 155

In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,

Were there all harmony, all virtue here;

That never air or ocean felt the wind;

That never passion discompos'd the mind: 160

But ALL subsists by elemental strife;

And Passions are the Elements of life.

The general ORDER, since the whole began

Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VER. 162.] See this subject extended in Epist. 2.
from vers. 90, to 112, 155, &c.

What

What would this Man? now upward will he soar,
 And little less than Angel, would be more; 166
 Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears
 To want the strength of Bulls, the fur of Bears.
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their Use, had he the pow'rs of all? 170
 Nature to these, without profusion kind,
 The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
 Each seeming want compensated of course
 Here, with degrees of swiftness, there, of force;
 All in exact proportion to the state, 175
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
 Each beast, each insect, happy in its own,
 Is heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all? 180
 The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
 Is, not to act, or think, *beyond* mankind;
 No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.

VER. 166.] *The Unreasonableness of the Complaints against Providence, and that to possess more Faculties would make us miserable.*

VER. 174. *Here, with degrees of swiftness, there of force.*] It is a certain axiom in the Anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are form'd for strength, their swiftness is lessen'd; or as they are form'd for swiftness, their strength is abated.

VER. 177.] Vid. Epist. 3. ver. 83, &c. and 110, &c.

Why

ETHIC EPISTLES.

15

Why has not man a microscopic eye? 185

For this plain reason, man is not a fly.

Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,

T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?

The touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,

To smart, and agonize at ev'ry pore? 190

Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,

Dye of a Rose in aromatic pain?

If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,

And stunn'd him with the musick of the spheres,

How would he wish, that heav'n had left him still 195

The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill?

Who finds not Providence all-good and wise,

Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as Creation's ample range extends,

The scale of *sensual, mental* pow'rs ascends: 200

Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race

From the green myriads in the peopled grass!

What modes of fight, betwixt each wide extreme,

The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;

VER. 200.] *There is an universal ORDER and GRADATION thro' the whole visible world, of the sensible and mental Faculties, which causes the Subordination of Creature to Creature, and of all Creatures to Man, whose Reason alone countervails all the other Faculties.*

OF

Of smell, the headlong lioness between, 205
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood:
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line: 210
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew.
 How *Instinct* varies, in the groveling swine,
 Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant! with thine;
 'Twixt that, and *Reason*, what a nice barrier, 215
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near;
 Remembrance and *Reflection*, how ally'd;
 What thin partitions *Sense* from *Thought* divide:
 And *Middle-natures*, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line! 220
 Without this just Grádati^{on} could they be
 Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
 The Pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all those pow'rs in one?

VER. 205.—*the headlong Lioness*—] The manner
 of the Lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa
 is this; at their first going out in the night-time they
 set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made
 by the Beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear,
 and not by the nostril. It is probable, the story of
 the Jackall's hunting for the Lion was occasion'd by
 observing the defect of Scent in that terrible Animal.

See,

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth, 225
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive Life may go?
 Around how wide? how deep extend below?
 Vast chain of Being? which from God began,
 Natures æthereal, human, angel, man, 230
 Beast, bird, fish, insect! what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach! from Infinite to thee,
 From thee to Nothing! On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
 Or in the full creation leave a Void, 235
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd;
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each System in gradation roll,
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole; 240
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall.
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns rush lawless thro' the sky,
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd, 245
 Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world,
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
 And Nature tremble, to the throne of God!

VER. 225.] *How much farther this Gradation and Subordination may extend? were any part of which broken, the whole connected Creation must be destroy'd.*

All this dread ORDER break! — For whom? For thee?
Vile worm! — O Madness! Pride! Impiety! 250

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the Head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Just as absurd, for any part to claim 255

To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body *Nature* is, and *God* the soul; 260
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent, 265

Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns; 270
To him, no high, no low, no great, no small:
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

VER. 250.] *The Extravagance, Impiety, and Pride of such a desire.*

VER. 257.] Vid. the prosecution and application of this in Epist. 4. ver. 160.

Cease

Cease then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name :
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own *point*: This kind, this due degree 275
 Of blindness, weakness, heav'n bestows on thee.
 Submit — in this, or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour. 280
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see :
 All discord, harmony not understood :
 All partial evil, universal good :
 And spight of pride, in erring reason's spight, 285
 One truth is clear ; Whatever *Is*, is RIGHT."

VER. 273.] *The Consequence of all, the absolute Submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future State.*



EPISTLE II.

KNOW then thy self, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is *Man*.

Plac'd on this Isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great :
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side, 5
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast ;
In doubt, his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ; 10
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much :
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd, or dis-abus'd ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ; 15
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :
The glory, jest, and riddle, of the world !

Go wondrous creature ! mount where Science guides,
Go measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides. 20

OF the Nature and State of MAN as an INDIVIDUAL. *The business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His Middle Nature, his Power, Frailties, and the Limits of his Capacity.*

Show

Show by what laws the wandring Planets stray,
 Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.
 Go soar with *Plato* to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
 Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod, 25
 And quitting sense call *imitating God*,
 As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the *Sun*.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thy self, and be a fool ! 30

Superior Beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
 And shew'd a *NEWTON* as we shew an Ape.

Could He, whose rules the whirling Comet bind, 35
 Describe, or fix, one movement of the Mind ?
 Who saw the Stars here rise, and there descend,
 Explain his own beginning, or his end ?
 Alas what wonder ! Man's superior part
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from Art to art; 40
 But when his *own* great work is but begun,
 What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone,

Two Principles in human nature reign ;
Self-love, to urge, and *Reason*, to restrain ;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 45
 Each works its end, to move, or govern all :

VER. 43.] *The Two PRINCIPLES of MAN, SELF-LOVE and REASON, both Necessary, 49. Self-love the stronger, and why? 57. their End the same, 71.*

And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 50
Man but for that, no *action* could attend,
And but for this, were *active* to no end.
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;
Or meteor like, flame lawless thro' the void, 55
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most *strength* the moving Principle requires ;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires :
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 60
Self-love still stronger, as its objects *nigh* ;
Reason's at *distance*, and in prospect lie ;
That sees *immediate* good, by present sense,
Reason, the *future*, and the consequence ;
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng, 65
At best more *watchful* this, but that more *strong*.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still *use*, to reason still *attend* :
Attention, Habit and Experience gains,
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains. 70
Let subtle Schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide, than to unite,
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of Wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name, 75
Have full as oft, no meaning, or *the same*.

Self-love

Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire :
 But greedy that its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flower : 80
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of Self-love the *PASSIONS* we may call ;
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :
 But since not every good we can *divide*, 85
 And reason bids us for our own provide ;
 Passions tho' *selfish*, if their means be fair,
 Lift under *Reason*, and deserve her care :
 Those that *imparted*, court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take some *Virtue's* name. 90

In lazy Apathy let Stoic's boast
 Their virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost,
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
 But strength of mind is *exercise*, not *rest* :
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 95
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
 On Life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but Passion is the gale :
 Nor God alone in the still Calm we find ;
 He mounts the storm, and *walks upon the Wind*. 100

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
 Yet mix'd and softned, in his work unite :
 These, 'tis enough to *temper* and *employ* ;
 But what composes man can man *destroy* ?

Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road. 105

Subject, compound them, follow her and God.

Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make, and maintain, the balance of the mind : 110
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the *strength* and *colour* of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise ;
Present to grasp, and future still to find, 115
The whole employ of body and of mind.

All spread their charms, but charm not all *alike* ;
On diff'rent Senses diff'rent objects strike ;
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong, or weak, the organs of the frame ; 120
And hence one Master Passion in the breast,
Like *Aaron's* serpent swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death ;
The young disease that must subdue at length, 125
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength :
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its *ruling passion* came :

VER. 122, &c.] *The PREDOMINANT PASSION, and its Force.*

The Use of this doctrine, as apply'd to the Knowledge of mankind, is one of the subjects of the second book.

Each

Each vital humour which should feed the *whole*,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul; 130
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, *Habit* is its nurse; 135
 Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,
 As heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sowre;
 We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
 In this weak *Queen*, some *Fav'rite* still obey. 140
 Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
 What can she more, than *tell us* we are fools?
 Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
 A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
 Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 145
 The choice we make, or justify it made:
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,
 She but removes weak passions for the strong:
 So, when small humours gather to a gout,
 The Doctor fancies he has driv'n 'em out. 150

Yes, *Nature's* road must ever be prefer'd;
 Reason is here no *guide*, but still a *guard*;
 'Tis her's to *rectify*, not *overthrow*,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
 A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends, 155
 And sev'ral men impells to sev'ral *Ends*.

VER. 155.] *Its Necessity, in directing men to different purposes.* The particular application of this to the
several

Like varying winds, by *other* passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of Ease: 160
 Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence :
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th' ETERNAL ART, educing good from ill, 165
 Grafts on this Passion our *best Principle* ;
 'Tis thus, the Mercury of man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd,
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one int'rest Body acts with Mind. 170

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear,
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
 Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear, 175
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy :
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind : 180
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave :

several Pursuits of Men, and the General Good resulting
 thence, falls also into the succeeding books.

VER. 165.] *Its providential Use, in fixing our PRIN-*
CIPLE, and ascertaining our VIRTUE.

Nor

Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

Thus *Nature* gives us (let it check our pride) 185
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd;
Reason the byas turns to good from ill,
And *Nero* reigns a *Titus*, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in *Catiline*,
In *Decius* charms, in *Curtius* is divine. 190
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot, as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall *divide*? The *God* within the Mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce, 195
In man, they join to some mysterious use:
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice. 200

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black, blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your *own heart*; and nothing is so plain; 205
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be *seen*;

VER. 185, &c.] VIRTUE and VICE join'd in our
Mixt Nature; the Limits near, yet the things separate,
and evident. The Office of Reason.

Yet

Yet seen too *oft*, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 210
 But where th' *Extreme* of vice, was ne'er agreed :
 Ask, where's the *North* ? at York 'tis on the Tweed,
 In Scotland at the Orcades, and there
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree, 215
 But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he.
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very Zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own ;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard Inhabitant contends is right 220
 Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree ;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
 And ev'n the best by fits what they despise.
 Tis but by *parts* we follow good or ill, 225
 For, vice or virtue, SELF directs it still ;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal :
 But HEAV'N's great view is *one*, and that the WHOLE :
 That counter-works each folly and caprice ;
 That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice : 230

VER. 207.] *Vice odious in it self, and how we deceive ourselves into it.*

VER. 221, &c.] *The ENDS of PROVIDENCE and General Good answer'd in our Passions and Imperfections. How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of men.*

That

That, happy frailties to all *ranks* apply'd,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron *pride*,
Fear to the statesman, *rashness* to the chief,
 To Kings *presumption*, and to crowds *belief*.
 That, Virtue's ends from *Vanity* can raise, 235
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
 And build on *wants*, and on *defects* of mind,
 The *joy*, the *peace*, the *glory* of mankind.
 Heav'n, forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend, 240
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie :
 To *these* we owe true friendship, love sincere, 245
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here :
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign ;
 Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 250
 Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or self,
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself :
 The learn'd is happy, nature to explore ;
 The fool is happy, that he knows no more ;
 The rich is happy in the plenty given ; 255
 The poor contented with the care of heaven.

VER. 239.] *How useful these are to SOCIETY in general, and to INDIVIDUALS in particular, in every STATE, 250. and ev'ry AGE of Life, 260.*

See

See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king.
 The starving Chymist in his golden views,
 Supremely blest, the Poet in his muse. 260

See! some strange Comfort ev'ry *state* attend,
 And *Pride* bestow'd on all, a common friend ;
 See! some fit Passion ev'ry *age* supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
 Till then, *Opinion* gilds with varying rays 265
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
 Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd,
 And each vacuity of sense by Pride :
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy :
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy ; 270
 One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
 And not a Vanity is giv'n in vain ;
 Even mean SELF-LOVE becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others wants by thine.
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise, 275
 'Tis this, tho' *Man's a fool*, yet GOD IS WISE.

V. 273. See farther, of the Use of this *Principle* in
 Man. Epist. 3. ver. 121, 124, 135, 145, 200, &c.
 270, &c. 316, &c. And Epist. 4. ver. 348, and 358.

E P I S T L E I I I.

HERE then we rest ; “ The Universal cause
“ Acts to *one end*, but acts by *various laws*.”

In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day ; 5
But most be present, if we preach, or pray.

Look round our world : behold the chain of love
Combining all below, and all above.

See, plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend, 10

Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Form'd and impell'd, its neighbour to embrace.

See matter next, with various life endu'd,

Prefs to one centre still, the *gen'ral good*.

See dying vegetables life sustain, 15

See life dissolving, vegetate again :

All forms that perish other forms supply,

By turns they catch the vital breath, and die ;

Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,

They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20

Nothing is foreign : parts relate to whole :

One all-extending, all-preserving soul

Of the Nature and State of MAN with respect to
SOCIETY. The whole Universe one System of Society.
Connects

Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
 Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast :
 All serv'd, all serving! nothing stands alone ; 25
 The chain holds on, and *where* it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn. 30
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
 Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the feed that strows the plain ?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer. 40
 The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;
 The Fur that warms a Monarch, warm'd a Bear.
 While man exclaims, " see all things for my use ! 45
 " See man for mine," replies a pamper'd goose ;
 What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him ?
 All this he knows, but not that 'tis to eat him.

V. 127. *Nothing made wholly for Itself, nor yet wholly
 for another, but the Happiness of all animals mutual.*

And

And just as short of reason, Man will fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant, that the pow'ful still the weak controul,
Be Man the wit, and tyrant, of the whole.
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows 55
And helps, another creature's wants or woes.
Say will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varving plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings,
Or hears the hawk, when *Philomela* sings? 60
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some, his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy 65
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the Being, makes it blest, 70
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man, by touch ætherial slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er.

[VER. 72.] Several of the Ancients, and many of the Orientals since, esteem'd those who were struck by Lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.

To teach unthinking being Heav'n a friend, 75
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its End;
 To Man imparts it; but with such a view
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near. 80
 Great standing Miracle! that heav'n assign'd
 Its only thinking thing, this turn of mind.

Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
 Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits 'em best,
 To bliss, alike, by that direction tend, 85
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
 What Pope or Council can they need beside?
 Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest, 90
 Stays till we call, and then not often near;
 But honest Instinct comes a Volunteer:
 This too serves always, reason never long:
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs 95
 One in their nature, which are two in ours,
 And reason raise o'er instinct, as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and flood
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food? 100

VER. 83.] Reason or Instinct *alike operate to the good of each Individual, and they operate also to SOCIETY, in all Animals.*

Præscient,

Præscient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as *Demoivre*, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, *Columbus* like, explore 105
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day,
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the nature of each being, sounds
 Its *proper Bliss*, and sets its *proper Bounds*: 110
 But as he fram'd a Whole, the whole to bless
 On mutual *Wants* built mutual Happiness:
 So from the first eternal ORDER ran,
 And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.
 Whate'er of life all-quickening æther keeps, 115
 Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
 Or pours profuse on earth; one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each Sex desires alike, till two are one:
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their Race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend;

VER. 115.] *How far SOCIETY carry'd by IN-*
 STINCT

The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace, 130
 Another love succeeds, another race.
 A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
 Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest, and the love: 135
 With Choice we fix, with Sympathy we burn,
 Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose, 140
 These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those;
 The last scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
 Mem'ry and Forecast, just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age; 145
 While Pleasure, Gratitude, and Hope combin'd
 Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
 The State of Nature was the Reign of GOD:
 Self Love, and Social, at her birth began, 150
 Union the Bond of all things, and of Man.
 Pride then was not; nor Arts, that pride to aid;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;

VER. 132.] *How much farther SOCIETY is carry'd
by REASON.*

VER. 148.] *Of the STATE of NATURE; That it
was SOCIAL.*

The

The same his table, and the same his bed;
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed. 155
 In the same temple, the resounding wood,
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
 The shrine with Gore unstain'd, with Gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless Priest:
 Heav'n's Attribute was Universal care, 160
 And Man's Prerogative to rule, but spare.
 Ah how unlike the man of times to come!
 Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb;
 Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own. 165
 But just disease to luxury succeeds,
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
 The Fury-Passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, Man.
 See him from nature rising slow to art! 170
 To copy instinct then was reason's part;
 Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake—
 "Go! from the creatures thy instructions take;
 "Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
 "Learn from the beasts, the physick of the field: 175
 "Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
 "Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
 "Learn of the little Nautilus to fail,
 "Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

VER. 170.] Reason *instructed by* Instinct *in the Invention of* ARTS, *and in the* FORMS *of* Society.

VER. 178.] Oppian. Halieut. Lib. I. describes this Fish in the following manner. *They swim on the surface*

" Here too all Forms of social Union find, 180
 " And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind:
 " Here subterranean works and cities see,
 " There towns aerial on the waving tree.
 " Learn each small people's Genius, Policies;
 " The ants Republic, and the Realm of bees: 185
 " How those in common all their stores bestow,
 " And Anarchy without confusion know,
 " And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
 " Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
 " Mark what unvary'd laws preserve their state, 190
 " Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
 " In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
 " Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
 " And right too rigid harden into wrong,
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 " Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 196
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,
 " And for those arts meer Instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.
 Great Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd; 200
 Cities were built, Societies were made:
 Here rose one little State; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd thro' Love, or Fear.

of the Sea, on the back of their Shells, which exactly resemble the bulk of a Ship; they raise two feet like Masts, and extend a Membrane between, which serves as a Sail; the other two feet they employ as Oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean.

VER. 200.] *Origine of POLITICAL SOCIETIES.*

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend? 205
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
 Thus States were form'd; the name of *King* unknown,
 Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one. 211
 'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts, or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
 The same which in a Sire the sons obey'd,
 A Prince the father of a people made. 215
 'Till then, by nature crown'd, each Patriarch fate,
 King, Priest, and Parent of his growing State:
 On him, their second Providence, they hung,
 Their Law his eye; their Oracle, his tongue:
 He, from the wond'ring furrow call'd their food, 220
 Taught to command the Fire, controul the Flood,
 Draw forth the monsters of th' Abyss profound,
 Or fetch th' aerial Eagle to the ground.
 Till drooping, sickning, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man. 225
 Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
 One great, First father, and that First ador'd.
 Or plain Tradition that this All *begun*,
 Convey'd unbroken Faith from fire to son,

VER. 211.] *Origine of MONARCHY.*

VER. 216.] ——— of PATRIARCHAL GOVERN-
MENT.

The Worker from the work distinct was known, 230
 And simple reason never sought but *one*:
 E're Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw, that all was right,
 To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,
 And own'd a Father when he own'd a God. 235
 Love all the Faith, and all th' Allegiance then;
 For Nature knew no right Divine in Men,
 No Ill could fear in God; and understood
 A sovereign Being but a sovereign Good.
 True Faith, true Policy, united ran, 240
 That was but Love of God, and this of Man.
 Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one?
 That proud exception to all nature's laws,
 T'invert the world, and counterwork its Cause? 245
 Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
 Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
 Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of subjects made:
 She, midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
 She, taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray [ground,
 To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
 She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise; 255

Ver. 236.] *Origine of TRUE RELIGION and GOVERNMENT, from the Principle of LOVE; and of SUPERSTITION and TYRANNY, from that of FEAR.*

Here

Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
 Fear made her Devils, and weak hope her Gods :
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust,
 Such as the souls of Cowards might conceive, 260
 And form'd *like* Tyrants, tyrants would believe.
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide.
 And Hell was built on spite, and Heav'n on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th' ætherial vault no more;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore: 265
 Then first the Flamen tasted living food,
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood,
 With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives SELF-LOVE, thro' just and thro' unjust, 270
 To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust :
 The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
 For what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel? 275
 How shall he keep, what sleeping or awake
 A weaker may surprize, a stronger take ?
 His Safety must his Liberty restrain ;
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence, 280
 Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence:

VER. 270.] *The Influence of SELF-LOVE operating
 to the SOCIAL and Public Good.*

Self-

Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then, the studious head, or gen'rous mind,
Foll'wer of God, or friend of human kind, 285
Poet or Patriot, rose, but to restore
The Faith and Moral Nature gave before ;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new ;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :
Taught pow'rs due use to People and to Kings, 290
Taught, nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less and greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too,
Till jarring Int'rests of themselves create
Th' according Music of a well mix'd State. 295
Such is the WORLD's great harmony, that springs
From Union, Order, full Consent of things ;
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade,
More pow'rful each, as needful to the rest, 300
And in proportion as it blesses, blest,
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administred, is best :
For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right :

VER. 284.] *Restoration of True Religion and Govern-
ment on their first Principle. Mixt Governments ; with
the various Forms of each, and the TRUE USE OF
ALL.*

All

All must be false, that thwart this one, great End,
And all of God, that blest mankind, or mend. 310

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives,
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul, 315
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'r thy name:
That something still which prompts th'eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, and dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
Plant of Cælestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair-opening to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming Mine, 10
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in Iron harvests of the Field?
Where grows—where grows it not? — If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil:
Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere, 15
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where,
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.
Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind.
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind; 20
Some place the blifs in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:

*Of the Nature and State of M A N, with respect
to H A P P I N E S S.*

Who

Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?
 One grants his pleasure is but rest from pain; 25
 One doubts of all; one owns ev'n Virtue vain.

Take *Nature's* path, and mad *Opinion's* leave,
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
 And mourn our various portions as we please, 31
 Equal is *common Sense*, and *common Ease*.

Remember, Man, "the Universal cause
 "Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws;
 And makes what Happiness we justly call, 35
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
 There's not a blessing Individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the Kind.
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd Hermit, rest self-satisfy'd; 40
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or wou'd fix a friend:
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All pleasures sicken, and all Glories sink;

VER. 27.] HAPPINESS the END of all Men,
 and attainable by all.

VER. 32.] GOD governs by general not particular
 Laws; intends Happiness to be equal, and to be so, it
 must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on
 general.

Each has his share, and who wou'd more obtain 45
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's great Law; and this confess,
Some are and must be, mightier than the rest,
More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense. 50
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase,
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, Circumstance is not the thing: 55.

Bliss is the same, in Subject, or in King,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds, a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul. 60
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in Externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose, 65
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear:

VER. 47.] *It is necessary for ORDER and the common Peace, that External Goods be unequal, therefore Happiness is not constituted in these.*

VER. 65.] *The balance of human happiness kept equal (notwithstanding Externals) by HOPE and FEAR.*

Not present Good or Ill, the joy or curse,
But future views, of better, or of worse.

Oh Sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the Skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the Good that individuals find, 75
Or God and nature meant to meer mankind,
Reason's whole pleasures, all the joys of Sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.

But Health consists with temperance alone,
And Peace, O *Virtue*! Peace is all thy own; 80
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,

Who risque the most, that take wrong means or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst, 85
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from, and disdains;
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good. 90

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to Vice, to Virtue woe:
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.

VER. 75.] *In what the Happiness of Individuals consists, and that the GOOD MAN has the Advantage, even in this world.*

VER. 91.] *That no man is unhappy thro' VIRTUE.*

But

But fools the Good alone unhappy call, 95
 For ills or accidents that chance to All.
 See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See godlike TURENNE prostrate on the dust!
 See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of life? 100
 Say was it Virtue more tho' heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave?
 Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
 Why drew *Marseille's* good bishop purer breath, 105
 When nature sicken'd and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent heav'n a Parent to the Poor, and me?

What makes all Physical or Moral ill?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will. 110
 God sends not Ill; if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good,
 Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
 Short and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain, 115
 That righteous *Abel* was destroy'd by *Cain*,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease,
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
 Think we like some weak Prince th' Eternal Cause,
 Prone for his Fav'rites to reverse his laws? 120

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires!
 On Air or Sea new motions be impress,
 O blameless *Bethel*! to relieve thy breast?

When

When the loose Mountain trembles from on high, 125
 Shall gravitation cease if you go by?
 Or some old temple nodding to its fall,
 For *Chartres*' head reserve the hanging wall?

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
 Contents us not. A better shall we have? 130
 A kingdom of the just then let it be:
 But first consider how those just agree?
 The good must merit God's peculiar care;
 But who but God can tell us who they are?
 One thinks on *Calvin* heav'n's own spirit fell, 135
 Another deems him Instrument of hell;
 If *Calvin* feel heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
 This cries there is, and that, "there is no God."
 What shocks one part will edify the rest,
 Nor with one System can they all be blest. 140
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.
 "Whatever is, is RIGHT." This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for *Cæsar* — but for *Titus* too:
 And which more blest? who chain'd his Country, say,
 Or he, whose virtue figh'd to lose a day? 146

"But sometimes Virtue starves while Vice is fed."
 What then? is the reward of virtue, bread?
 That, Vice may merit; 'tis the price of Toil:
 The knave deserves it when he tills the soil, 150
 The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
 Where Folly fights, for Tyrants, or for Gain.
 The good man may be weak, be indolent,
 Nor is his claim to Plenty, but Content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
 "No—shall the good want Health, the good want Pow'r?
 Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing:
 "Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no King?
 Nay, why external for internal giv'n,
 Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n? 160
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough while he has more to give:
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy, 165
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
 Then give Humility a Coach and fix,
 Justice a Conqu'rors sword, or Truth a Gown,
 Or publick Spirit its great cure, a Crown: 170
 Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing.
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a Saint at twenty one!

For Riches, can they give, but to the Just, 175
 His own contentment, or another's trust?
 Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 O Fool! to think, God hates the worthy mind,
 The Lover, and the Love, of Human kind, 180

VER. 167.] *That External Goods are not the proper Rewards of Virtue, often inconsistent with, or destructive of it; but that all these can make no man happy without Virtue. Instanced in each of them.*

1. RICHES,

Whose

Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear ;
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year !

Honour and shame from no Condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the Honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made, 185
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.
The Cobler apron'd, and the Parson gown'd,
The Fryar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.
" What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl ?"
I'll tell you, friend : a Wise man and a Fool. 190
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or cobler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the Man, and want of it the Fellow ;
The rest, is all but Leather or Prunella.

Stuck o'er with Titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be, by Kings, or Whores of kings.
Thy boasted Blood, a thousand years or so, 197
May from *Lucretia* to *Lucretia* flow ;
But by your Father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great. 200
Go ! if your antient but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever since the Flood,
Go ! and pretend your Family is young ;
Not own your Fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble Sots, or Slaves, or Cowards ? 205
Alas ! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.
Look next on Greatness, say where Greatness lies ?
" Where, but among the Heroes, and the Wife ?

2. HONOURS, 3. TITLES, 4. BIRTH,

5. GREATNESS.

D 2

Heroes

Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From *Macedonia's* Madman to the *Swede*; 210
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make, an enemy of all mankind;
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
 Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
 No less alike the Politick and wise, 215
 All fly, flow things, with circumspective eyes;
 Men in their loose, unguarded hours they take,
 Nor that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer these can cheat,
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great: 220
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in Exile or in chains,
 Like good *Aurelius* let him reign, or bleed 225
 Like *Socrates*, that Man is great indeed.

What's Fame? that fancy'd Life in others breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you *hear*, you have, and what's unknown
 The same (my Lord) if *Tully's*, or your own. 230
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;
 To all beside, as much an empty Shade
 An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæsar* dead,
 Alike, or when or where, they shone or shine, 235
 Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.

A Wit's a Feather, and a Chief a Rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God:
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave; 240
 When what t'oblivion better were resign'd
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All Fame is foreign, but of true Desert,
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart,
 One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs 245
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzza's;
 And more true joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,
 Than *Cæsar* with a Senate at his heels.
 In Parts superior what advantage lies!
 Tell (for *You* can) what is it to be wise? 250
 'Tis but to know, how little can be known;
 To see all others faults, and feel our own;
 Condemn'd in Business or in Arts to drudge
 Without a Second, or without a Judge;
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land? 255
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful Preheminence! your self to view
 Above Life's Weakness, and its Comforts too.
 Bring then these blessings to a strict account,
 Make fair deductions, see to what they mount? 260
 How much of other each is sure to cost?
 How each for other oft is wholly lost?
 How inconsistent greater goods with these?
 How sometimes Life is risk'd, and always Ease?

Think, and if still the Things thy envy call, 265
 Say, wouldst thou be the Man to whom they fall?
 To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord *Umbra*, or Sir *Billy*.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
 Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus'* wife. 270
 If parts allure thee, think how *Bacon* shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See *Cromwell*, damn'd to everlasting fame!
 If all, united, thy ambition call, 275
 From ancient Story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of Happiness compleat!
 In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who lay,
 (How happy!) those to ruin, these betray. 280
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud *Venice* rose;
 In each, how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero sunk the Man.
 Now *Europe's* laurels on their brows behold, 285
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold:
 Then see them broke with Toils, or sunk in Ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd Provinces.
 Oh Wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame! 290
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy Minion, or imperious Wife,
 The trophy'd Arches, stony'd Halls invade
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous Shade.

Alas!

Alas! not dazled with their noontide ray, 295

Compute the morn and evening to the day:

The whole amount of that enormous fame,

A tale! that blends their Glory with their Shame.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)

" VIRTUE alone is Happiness below : 300

The only point where human bliss stands still,

And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;

Where only, merit constant pay receives,

Is blest'd in what it takes, and what it gives;

The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 305

And if it lose, attended with no pain :

Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,

And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :

The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,

Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears. 310

Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,

For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;

Never elated, while one man's oppress'd,

Never dejected, while another's blest'd ;

And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 315

Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See! the sole bliss Heav'n could on *All* bestow,

Which who but feels, can taste, but thinks, can know :

VER. 300.] *That VIRTUE only constitutes a Happiness, whose Object is Universal, and whose Prospect Eternal.*

VER. 318, &c.] *That the Perfection of Happiness consists in a Conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a Resignation to it, here and hereafter.*

Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
 The Bad must miss, the Good untaught will find, 320
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God,
 Pursues that chain which links th'immenſe deſign,
 Joins Heav'n and Earth, and mortal, and divine;
 Sees, that no being any bliſs can know. 345
 But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
 Learns, from this Union of the riſing Whole,
 The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
 And knows, where Faith, Law, Morals all began,
 All end, in LOVE of GOD, and LOVE of MAN. 330
 For him alone, *Hope* leads from gole to gole,
 And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
 Till lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
 He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone. 335
 Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown?
 (Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
 Wiſe is the Preſent: ſhe connects in this
 His greateſt *Virtue* with his greateſt *Blis*. 340
 At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
 And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
Self-Love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's bleſſing thine:
 Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
 Extend it, let thy Enemies have part: 345
 Graſp the whole world, of reaſon, life, and ſenſe,
 In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence.

Happier,

Happier, as kinder! in whate'er degree,
And height of *Bliss* but height of CHARITY. 350

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds, 355
Another still, and still another spreads,
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human-race;
Wide, and more wide, th'o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind; 360
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius come along,
Oh master of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 365
To Man's low passions, or their glorious Ends,
Teach me like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe, 370
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
O! while along the stream of Time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 575
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When Statesmen, Heroes, Kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
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Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
 That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from Fancy to the Heart; 380
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
 Shew'd erring Pride, Whatever *Is*, is RIGHT;
 That REASON, PASSION, answer one great AIM:
 That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the SAME;
 That VIRTUE only makes our Bliss below; 285
 And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

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pence

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pence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuse of the word *Taste*, VER. 13. that the First Principle and Foundation, in this as in every thing else, is *Good Sense*, 40. The chief proof of it is to *follow Nature*, even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in *Architecture* and *Gardening*, where all must be adapted to the *Genius* and *Use* of the *Place*, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive Undertakings for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please *long*, if *at all*; and the best *Examples* and *Rules* will but be perverted into something *burdensome* or *ridiculous*, 65, &c. to 90. A Description of the *False Taste of Magnificence*; the first grand Error of which is to imagine that *Greatness* consists in the *Size* and *Dimension*, instead of the *Proportion* and *Harmony*, of the *Whole*, 93. and the second, either in joining together *Parts incoherent*, or too *minutely resembling*, or in the *Repetition* of the *same* too frequently, 103. &c. A word or two of *False Taste* in *Books*, in *Musick*, in *Painting*, even in *Preaching* and *Prayer*, and lastly in *Entertainments*, 125, &c. Yet PROVIDENCE is justified in giving *Wealth* to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the *Poor* and *Laborious* part of mankind, 161. (recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Epist. 2. and in the Epistle preceding this, V. 165.) What are the *proper Objects* of *Magnificence*, and a *proper Field* for the Expence of *Great Men*, 169, &c. and finally the *Great* and *Publick Works* which become a *Prince*, 187. to the End.

8 JULY 58



[7]

E P I S T L E I.

T O

Sir RICHARD TEMPLE,

Lord Viscount COBHAM.

Y E S, you despise the Man to Books confin'd,
Who from his Study rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral Maxims, or be right by Chance.
The coxcomb Bird, so talkative and grave, 5
That from his Cage cries Cuckold, Where, and Knave,
Tho' many a Passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all Extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much. 10

VER. 1. &c. Of the KNOWLEDGE and CHARACTERS of MEN. That it is not sufficient for this Knowledge to consider Man in the *Abstract*.

V. 10. Not to be learn'd either by Books or our own Observation singly, but by both.

A

To

To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for th' Observer's sake;
 To written Wisdom, as another's, less:
 Maxims are drawn from Notions, these from Guess.

There's some *Peculiar* in each Leaf and Grain; 15
 Some unmark'd Fibre, or some varying Vein:
 Shall only Man be taken in the gross?

Grant but as many sorts of Mind, as Moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;
 Next, that he varies from himself no less: 20
 Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
 And all Opinion's Colours cast on life.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
 The Optics seeing, as the Objects seen.

All Manners take a tincture from our own, 25
 Or come discolour'd thro' our Passions shown,
 Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
 Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Our Depths who fathoms, or our Shallows finds?
 Quick Whirls, and shifting Eddies, of our minds? 30

V. 15. General Maxims notional, a Peculiarity in ev'ry Man.

V. 19. The difficulties of discovering and fixing this Peculiarity.

V. 29. The Uncertainty of the Principles of Action in Men.

V. 18. *There are above 300 Sorts of Moss observed by Naturalists.*

Life's

Life's Stream for Observation will not stay,
 It hurries all too fast to mark their way :
 In vain sedate reflections we would make,
 When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
 On human Actions reason tho' you can, 35
 It may be Reason, but it is not Man ;
 His Principle of Action once explore,
 That instant, 'tis his Principle no more ;
 Like following Life thro' Creatures you dissect,
 You lose it, in the moment you detect. 40

Oft, in the Passions wild rotation tost,
 Our Spring of Action to ourselves is lost :
 Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
 And what comes then is master of the field.
 As the last Image of that troubled heap, 45
 When Sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep,
 (Tho' past the recollection of the thought)
 Becomes the stuff of which our Dream is wrought ;
 Something, as dim to our internal view,
 Is thus perhaps the cause of all we do. 50

In vain the grave, with retrospective eye,
 Would from th' apparent *what* conclude the *why*,
 Infer the Motive from the Deed, and show
 That what we *chanc'd*, was what we *meant* to do.

V. 41. Our own Principle of Action, often unknown
 to ourselves.

V. 51, &c. to 70. No judging of the *Motives* from
 the *Actions*, the same Actions proceeding from contrary
 Motives, and contrary Actions from the same Motives.

Behold ! if Fortune, or a Mistress frowns, 55
 Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns :
 To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
 This quits an Empire, that embroils a State :
 The same adust Complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, *Pbilip* to the Field. 60

Not always *Actions* shew the Man : we find,
 Who does a kindness is not therefore kind ;
 Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast ;
 Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the East.
 Not therefore humble he who seeks Retreat, 65
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the Great.
 Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave ;
 He dreads a Death-bed like the meanest slave.
 Who reasons wisely, is not therefore wise ;
 His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies. 70

But grant that *Actions* best discover Man ;
 Take the most *strong*, and sort them as you can ;
 The *few* that glare, each Character must mark,
 You balance not the *many* in the dark.
 What will you do with such as disagree ? 75
 Suppress them, or miscall them Policy ?
 Must then at once (the Character to save)
 A plain, rough Hero turn a crafty Knave ?

V. 60. CHARLES V. PHILIP II.

V. 71. To form *Characters*, we can only take the
 strongest and most shining *Actions* of a man's Life, and
 try to make them consistent. The Uncertainty of this.

Alas !

Alas ! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd. 80

Ask why from *Britain*, *Cæsar* made retreat ?
Cæsar perhaps had told you, he was beat.
The mighty *Czar* what mov'd to wed a Punk ?
The mighty *Czar* might answer, he was drunk.
But sage Historians ! 'tis your task to prove 85
One action Conduct, one Heroic love.

'Tis from *high Life* high Characters are drawn ;
A Saint in crape is twice a Saint in lawn ;
A Judge is just, a Chancellor juster still ;
A Gownman learn'd ; a Bishop, what you will : 90
Wife, if a Minister ; but if a King,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,
Born where heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate.
In Life's low vale, (the soil the Virtues like) 95
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike,
Tho' the same Sun with all diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r.
And always set the Gem above the Flow'r. 100

'Tis *Education* forms the vulgar mind ;
Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first Son is a Squire ;
The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a Liar :

V. 87. Characters given meerly according to the
Rank of men in the world.

V. 101. *Education* alters the Character of most men.

6 ETHIC EPISTLES.

Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave; 105
Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding Knave:
 Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r;
 A Quaker? sly; a Presbyterian? sour;
 A smart Free thinker? all things in an hour.

True, some are open and to all Men known; 110
 Others so very close, they're hid from none;
 (So Darkness fills the eye no less than Light)
 Thus gracious *CHANDOS* is belov'd at sight:
 And ev'ry Child hates *Shylock*, tho' his Soul
 Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole. 115

At half Mankind when gen'rous *Manly* raves,
 All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them Knaves.
 When universal homage *Umbra* pays,
 All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
 Who but detests th' Endearments of *Courtine*? 120
 While *One* there is, who charms us with his *Spleen*.

But these plain Characters we rarely find,
 Tho' strong the Bent, yet quick the Turns of mind.
 Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole,
 Or Affectations quite reverse the Soul. 125
 The dull, flat Falsehood serves for Policy,
 And in the Cunning, Truth itself's a Lye.
 Unthought of Frailties cheat us in the Wise,
 The Fool lies hid in Inconsistencies.

V. 110. Of plain Characters.

V. 122. Of the Causes confounding Characters.

V. 130. Of the Inconsistency of a Man with himself.

See

See the same Man, in vigour, in the gout; 130
 Alone, in company; in place, or out;
 Early at Bus'ness, and at Hazard late;
 Mad at a Fox-chase, wise at a Debate;
 Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
 Friendly at *Hackney*, faithless at *Whitehall*. 135

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
 Thinks who endures a Knave, is next a knave;
 Save just at Dinner ——— then prefers no doubt,
 A Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without.

Who would not praise *Patritio's* high desert? 140
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head, all Int'rests weigh'd.
 All *Europe* fav'd, yet *Britain* not betray'd,
 He thanks you not; his pride was in Piquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett. 145

Triumphant Leaders, at an Army's head,
 Hemm'd round with Glories, pilfer cloth or bread,
 As meanly plunder, as they bravely fought,
 Now save a People, and now save a groat.
 What made (say *Montagne*, or more sage *Charron*!) 150

Otho a Warrior, *Cromwell* a Buffoon?
 A perjur'd Prince a leaden Saint revere?
 A god-less Regent tremble at a Star?

V. 136 Unimaginable Weaknesses in the best or
 greatest Men.

V. 152. A perjur'd Prince, &c. *Lewis XI. of France*.

V. 155, &c. *Victor Amadeo II. King of Sardinia, who
 resign'd his Crown to his Son, and afterwards being
 inclin'd to resume it, was Imprisoned till he died.*

The Throne a *Bigot* keep, a *Genius* quit,
 Faithless thro' *Piety*, and dup'd thro' *Wit*? 155
Europe, a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule?
 And just her ablest Monarch made a fool?

Know, GOD and NATURE only are the same:
 In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game;
 A Bird of passage! lost, as soon as found; 160
 Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground!

Ask mens *Opinions*: *Scoto* now shall tell
 How trade increases, and the world goes well;
 Strike off his Pension by the setting sun,
 And *Britain*, if not *Europe*, is undone. 165 [Climes,

Manners with Fortunes, *Humours* change with
Tenets with Books, and *Principles* with Times.

Judge we by *Nature*? *Habit* can efface,
 Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take Place:

By *Actions*? those Uncertainty divides: 170

By *Passions*? these Dissimulation hides:

Affections? they still take a wider range:

Find, if you can, in what you cannot change?

'Tis in the *ruling Passion*: there alone,

The wild are constant, and the cunning known, 175

V. 158. Nothing constant and certain, but GOD and NATURE.

V. 162, &c. No judgment to be made of Men by their *Opinions*, *Manners*, *Humours*, *Principles*, *Constitution*, *Actions*, *Affections*, *Passions* — only by the *RULING PASSION*.

V. 175. This, if to be found, reconciles the seeming, or real Inconsistencies of Men's Actions. An Example, in a Character of the strongest Contradictions.

The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;
 Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
 This Clue once found, unravels all the rest ;
 The Prospect clears, and *Clodio* stands confest.
Clodio, the Scorn and Wonder of our days, 180
 Whose ruling passion was the *Lust of Praise* ;
 Born with whate'er could win it from the Wife,
 Women and Fools must like him, or he dies.
 Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
 The Club must hail him Master of the *Joke*. 185
 Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
 He'll shine a *Tally*, and a *Wilmot* too :
 Then turns repentant, and his God adores
 With the same Spirit that he drinks and whores :
 Enough, if all around him but admire, 190
 And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fry'r.
 Thus, with each gift of Nature and of Art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
 Grown all to all, from no one Vice exempt,
 And most contemptible to shun Contempt : 195
 His Passion still to covet gen'ral praise,
 His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways,
 A constant Bounty, which no friend has made ;
 An Angel Tongue which no man can persuade ;
 A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind, 200
 Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd ;
 A Tyrant to the Wife his heart approves ;
 A Rebel to the very King he loves ;
 He dies, sad out-cast of each Church and State !
 And (harder still) flagitious, yet not great ! 205
 Ask

Ask you why *Clodio* broke thro' every rule?
'Twas all for fear, the Knaves should call him Fool.

Nature well known, no Miracles remain,
Comets are regular, and *Clodio* plain.
Yet in the search, the wisest may mistake, 210
If *second* Qualities for *first* they take.
When *Catiline* by rapine swell'd his store,
When *Cæsar* made a noble Dame a whore,
In this the Lust, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice. 215
That very *Cæsar*, born in *Scipio*'s days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity at praise:
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roasted Turnips in the *Sabin* farm.
In vain th' Observer eyes the Builder's toil, 220
But quite mistakes the *Scaffold* for the *Pile*.

In this one Passion Man can strength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this: it sticks to our last sand. 225
Consistent in our follies, and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends, as she begins.

Behold a rev'rend Sire, whom Want of Grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,

V. 210. A caution against the mistake of *second* Qualities for *first*, which will destroy all possibility of the Knowledge of Mankind.

V. 222. &c. Examples of the strength, and certain continuance of the *Ruling Passion* till Death.

Crawl

Crawl thro' the street, shov'd on, or rudely press'd 230
 By his own sons, that pass him by un-blest'd!
 Still to his Wench he creeps on knocking knees,
 And envies ev'ry Sparrow that he sees.

A Salmon's belly, *Helluo*, was thy fate:
 The Doctor call'd declares all help too late. 235
 Mercy! cries *Helluo*, mercy on my Soul!
 Is there no hope? alas? — then bring the Jowl.

“ Odious! in *Woollen*! 'twou'd a Saint provoke,
 (Were the last words that poor *Narcissa* spoke)

“ No, let a charming Chintz, and *Brussels* lace 240

“ Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:

“ One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—

“ And, *Betty*! give this cheek a little Red.

Old Politicians chew on Wisdom past,
 And b'under on in Bus'ness to the last: 245

As weak as earnest; and as gravely out,
 As sober *Lane*, b'row, dancing in the Gout.

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
 An humble Servant to all Human kind,

V 247. *An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practise long after his Legs were disabled by the Gout Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an Audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her Health, and dispell her Grief by Dancing.*

The rest of these Instances are strictly true, tho' the Persons are not named.

Just

Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,

"If—where I'm going——I could serve you, Sir."

"I give and I devise (old *Euclis* said,
And sigh'd) "my Lands and Tenements to *Ned*."

Your Money, Sir? "My Money, sir! what all?"

"Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it *Paul*" 255

The Mannor, Sir? "The Mannor! hold, he cry'd,

"Not that——I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And you! brave COBHAM, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your *ruling Passion* strong in death:

Such in those moments, as in all the past, 260

"Oh save my Country, Heav'n!" shall be your last.



EPISTLE II.

To a LADY.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 "Most Women have no Characters at all."
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
 How many Pictures of one Nymph we view, 5
 All how unlike each other, all how true !
Arcadia's Countess here in ermin'd pride,
 Is there *Pastora* by a Fountain side :
 Here *Fannia* leering on her own good man,
 Is there, a naked *Leda* with a Swan. 10
 Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
 In *Magdalen's* loose hair and lifted eye,

Of the CHARACTERS of WOMEN, [a Corollary to the former Epistle] treating of this Sex only as contradistinguished from the other.

V. 1. &c. That their particular Characters are not so strongly mark'd as those of Men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves.

Or

14 ETHICK EPISTLES.

Or drest in smiles of sweet *Cecilia* shine,
 With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine ;
 Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it, 15
 If Folly grows romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the Colours, and the ground prepare !
 Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air,
 Chuse a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
 Catch, e're she change, the *Cynthia* of this minute. 20

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the *Park*,
 Attracts each light gay Meteor of a Spark,
 Agrees as ill with *Rufa* studying *Locke*,
 As *Sapbo*'s diamonds with her dirty smock ;
 Or *Sapbo*, at her Toiler's greazy task, 25
 And issuing flagrant to an evening Mask,
 So morning Insects that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-below, in the setting-sun.

How soft is *Silia* ! fearful to offend,
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend : 30
 To her, *Calista* prov'd her Conduct nice,
 And good *Simplicius*, asks of her Advice.
 Sudden, she storms ! she raves ! You tip the wink,
 But spare your censure ; *Silia* does not drink.

Instances of this Position, given even from such
Characters as are most strongly mark'd, and seem-
 ingly therefore most *consistent*. As first, Contrarieties
 in the *Affected*. Ver. 21.

11. Contrarieties in the *Soft natur'd*. Ver. 29, and 37.

All

ETHIC EPISTLES. 15

All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35
All eyes may see ——— a Pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous Spark,
Sighs for the shades ——— "How charming is a *Park*!
A *Park* is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees
All bath'd in tears — "Oh odious, odious *Trees*! 40

Ladies like variegated Tulips show,
'Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe;
Such happy spots the nice admirer take,
Fine by defect, and delicately weak.
'Twas thus *Calypso* once our heart's alarm'd, 45
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,
Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wife:
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad; 50
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child,
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r, 55
And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare,
Gave alms at *Easter* in a christian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be born? 60

III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning* and *Artful*,
Ver. 45.

IV. In the *Whimsical*. Ver. 53. Why

Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame!
 Now deep in *Taylor* and the Book of *Martyrs*,
 Now drinking citron with his Grace and *Chartres*.
 Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns; 65
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns;
 A very Heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to pray,
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way; 70
 Nor asks of God but of her Stars to give
 The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
 Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, *Rosamonda's* bowl.
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind? 75
 A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.
 Wife Fool! with Pleasures too refin'd to please,
 With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease,
 With too much Quickness ever to be taught,
 With too much Thinking to have common Thought: 80
 Who purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,
 And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

Turn then from Wits; and look on *Sim's* Mate,
 No Afs so meek, no Afs so obstinate:
 Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends 85
Because she's honest, and the best of friends:

V. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refin'd*. V. 69.
 VI.— in the *stupid* and *simple*. V. 81.

Or

Or her, whose life the Church and Scandal share,
 For ever in a Passion or a Pray'r :
 Or her who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
 Cries, oh how charming if there's no such place ! 90
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of Mirth and Opium, Ratifie and Tears,
 The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
 To kill those foes to fair ones, Time and Thought.
 Woman and Fool are *two* hard things to hit, 95
 For true No Meaning puzzles more than Wit.

Pictures like these, (dear Madam) to design,
 Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line ;
 Some wandring touches, some reflected light,
 Some flying stroke, alone can hit them right : 100
 For how should equal colours do the knack,
Camelions who can paint in white and black ?

* In publiok Stations Men sometimes are shown,
 A Woman's seen in Private life alone :
 Our bolder Talents in full view display'd, 105
 Your Virtues open fairest in the shade.

* *Between this and the former lines, and also in some following parts, a want of Connection may be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain Examples and Illustrations of the Maxims laid down; which may put the reader in mind of what the Author has said in his Imitation of Horace,*

Publish the presant age, but where the text
 Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next.

B

Bred

Bred to disguise, in publick 'tis you hide;
 Where none distinguish 'twixt your *Shame* or *Pride*,
Weakness or *Delicacy*; all so nice,
 Each is a sort of *Virtue* and of *Vice*. 110

In Men, we various ruling Passions find,
 In Women, two almost divide the Kind;
 Those only fix'd they first or last obey,
 The Love of Pleasures, and the Love of Sway.

That, *Nature* gives; and where the *Lesson* taught 115
 Is still to please, can Pleasure seem a fault
Experience, this? by Man's Oppression curst,
 They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to Business, some to Pleasure take,
 But every Woman is, at heart, a Rake: 120
 Men, some to Quiet, some to publick Strife,
 But every Lady would be Queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means.
 In Youth they conquer, with so wild a rage, 125
 As leaves them scarce a Subject in their Age:

V. 111. The former part having shewn that the particular Characters of Women are more various than those of Men, it is nevertheless observ'd, that the General Characteristic of the Sex, as to the Ruling Passion is more uniform.

V. 115. This is occasioned partly by their Nature, Sartinly their Education, and in some degree by Necessity.

V. 123. What are the Aims and the Fate of this Sex? I—as to Power.

For

For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;
 No thought of Peace or Happiness at home.
 But wisdom's Triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
 As hard a science to the Fair as Great ! 130
 Beauties like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,
 Yet hate Repose, and dread to be alone.
 Worn out in publick, weary ev'ry eye,
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the Sex, as Children birds, pursue, 135
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view,
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most,
 To covet flying, and regret when lost :
 At last, to Follies Youth could scarce defend
 It grows their Age's prudence to pretend : 140
 Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
 Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more :
 As Hags hold *Sabbaths*, less for joy than spight,
 So these their merry, miserable Night ;
 Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide, 145
 And haunt the Places where their Honour dy'd.

See how the World its Veterans rewards !
 A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards,
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
 Young without Lovers, old without a Friend, 150
 A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot,
 Alive, ridiculous, and dead forgot !

Ah Friend ! to *dazzle* let the Vain design,
 To raise the Thought and touch the Heart, be thine !

II.—As to *Pleasure*. V. 135.

B 2

That

That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring 155
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.

So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the fight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring Orb declines. 160

Oh! blest with *Temper*, whose unclouded ray
Can make to morrow chearful as to day;
She, who can own a Sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear;
That never answers till a Husband cools, 165
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Lets Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille; 170
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a Contradiction still.
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can 175
Its last, best work, but forms a *softer Man*;
Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,
Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest,
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your Taste of Follies, with our scorn of Fools. 180

V. 153. Advice for their true Interest.

V. 175. The Picture of an esteemable Woman, with
the best kind of Contrarieties.

Re-

Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
 Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride,
 Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
 Shakes all together, and produces———*You*.

Ev'n such is Woman's Fame: With this un-blest, 185
 Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.
 This *Phæbus* promis'd, (I forgot the Year,)
 When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
 Ascendant *Phæbus* watch'd that hour with care,
 Averted half your Parents simple Pray'r, 190
 And gave you *Beauty*, but deny'd the *Pelf*
 That buys your Sex a Tyrant o'er itself:
 The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
 And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
 Kept Dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it, 195
 To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

EPISTLE III.

To the Rt. Honourable

ALLEN Lord BATHURST.

WHO shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the Word, from *Jove* to *Momus* giv'n,
That Man was made the standing Jest of heav'n,
And *Gold* but sent to keep the fools in play, 5
For half to heap, and half to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our Kind,
(And surely Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground: 10
But when, by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this Rival to its fire the Sun,
Then, in plain prose, were made two sorts of men,
To squander some, and some to hide agen.

OF THE USE OF RICHES. *That the true use of
Riches is known to few, most falling into one of the
Extremes, Avarice or Profusion. V. 1, &c.*

Like

Like Doctors thus, when much dispute has past, 15
 We find our Tenets just the same at last.
 Both fairly owning, Riches in effect
 No Grace of heav'n, or token of th' Elect;
 Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
 To *Ward*, to *Waters*, *Chartres*, and the Devil. 20
 What

V. 20. JOHN WARD of Hackney, Esq; Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was suspected of joining in a Conveyance with Sir John Blunt to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's Estate, forfeited to the South Sea Company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward, but he set up prior Conveyances of his real Estate to his Brother and Son, and conceal'd all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds: These Conveyances being also set aside by a Bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life by not giving in his Effects till the last day, which was that of his Examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give Poison to Dogs and Cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the *Worth* of this Gentleman, at the several *Æra's* of his life; at his standing in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thousand pounds*; at his Commitment to Prison, he

was *worth one hundred and fifty thousand*, but has been since so far diminished in his Reputation, as to be thought a *worse Man* by *fifty or sixty thousand*.

FR. CHARTRES, a Man infamous for all manner of Vices. When he was an Ensign in the Army, he was drumm'd out of the Regiment for a Cheat; he was next banish'd Brussels, and drumm'd out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred Tricks at the Gaming-Tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest, and on great penalties, accumulating Premium, interest, and capital into a new Capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant Attention to the Vices, Wants, and Follies of Mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His House was a perpetual Bawdy-house. He was twice condemn'd for Rapes, and pardoned, but the last time not without Imprisonment in Newgate, and large Confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The Populace at his Funeral rais'd a great riot, almost tore the Body out of the Coffin, and cast dead Dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his Character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY, and
INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,

In

In the Practice of EVERY HUMANE VICE;
 Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
 His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
 His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

Nor was he more singular in the un-deviating *Pravity*
 of his *Manners*, than successful in
Accumulating WEALTH,
 For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
 Without TRUST of PUBLICK MONEY,
 And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
 He acquired, or more properly Created,
 A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only Person of his Time,
 Who cou'd CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,
 Retain his Primæval MEANNESS when possess'd of
 TEN THOUSAND a Year,
 And having daily deserv'd the GIBBET for what he *did*,
 Was at last condemn'd to it for what he *could* not do.

Oh Indignant Reader!
 Think not his Life Useless to Mankind!
 PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable Designs,
 To give to After-Ages a conspicuous
 PROOF, and EXAMPLE,
 Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
 in the Sight of GOD, by his bestowing it on
 The most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This Gentleman was *worth seven thousand pounds*
a year Estate in Land, and about *one hundred thou-*
sand in Money.

Mr.

What Nature wants, commodious Gold bestows,
 'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows:
 But how unequal it bestows, observe,
 'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it, starve.
 What Nature Wants (a phrase I much distrust) 25
 Extends to Luxury, extends to Lust;
 And if we count among the Needs of life
 Another's Toil, why not another's Wife?
 Useful, we grant, it serves what life requires,
 But dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires: 30
 Trade it may help, Society extend;
 But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the Friend:
 It raises Armies in a Nation's aid,
 But bribes a Senate, and the land's betray'd.
 Oh! that such bulky *Bribes* as all might see 35
 Still, as of old, encumber'd Villainy!
 In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave,
 If secret Gold saps on from knave to knave.

Mr. WATERS, the third of these Worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil Capacity; his great fortune having been rais'd by the like diligent Attendance on the Necessities of others. But this Gentleman's History must be deferred till his death, when his *Worth* may be known more certainly.

V. 21. What Nature wants, &c.] *The Point discuss'd, whether the Invention of Money has been more commodious, or more pernicious to mankind?*

Could

Could *France* or *Rome* divert our brave designs,
 With all their brandies, or with all their wines? 40
 What could they more than Knights and Squires con-
 Or water all the Quorum ten miles round? [found,
 A Statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil,
 ' Sir, *Spain* has sent a thousand jars of oyl?
 " Huge bales of *British* cloth blockade the door; 45
 " A hundred *Oxen* at your Levee roar.

Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
 Nor could Profusion squander all, in kind.
 Astride his cheese Sir *Morgan* might we meet,
 And *Worldly* crying Coals from street to street, 50
 (Whom with a Wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
 Pity mistakes for some poor Tradesman craz'd.)
 Had *Colepeper's* whole wealth been Hops and hogs,
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?

His

V. 50. Some Misers of great Wealth, Proprietors of the Coal-mines, had enter'd at this time into an Association to keep up Coals to an extravagant price, whereby the Poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these Misers was worth ten thousand, another seven thousand a year.

V. 53. *Colepeper.*] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPER, Bart. a Person of an ancient Family and ample Fortune without one other quality of a Gentleman, who after ruining himself at the Gaming table, pass the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging

His Grace will game: to *White's* a Bull be led, 55
 With spurning heels, and with a butting head ;
 To *White's* be carry'd, as to ancient Games,
 Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames.
 Shall then *Uxorio*, if the stakes he sweep,
 Bare home fix whores, and make his Lady weep ; 60
 Or soft *Adonis*, so perfum'd and fine,
 Drive to St. *James's* a whole herd of Swine ?
 Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
 To spoil the Nation's last great Trade, *Quadrille* !
 Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak, 65
 From the crack'd bagg the dropping Guinea *spoke*,
 And gingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
 " Old *Cato* is as great a Rogue as you."
 Blest *Paper-credit* ! that advanc'd so high,
 Now lends Corruption lighter wings to fly! 70

ing, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a Post in the Army which was offer'd him.

V. 65. — *beneath the Patriot's Cloak.*] This is a true Story which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the King, where he had received a large Bag of Guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

Gold,

Gold, imp'd with this, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket States, or fetch or carry *Kings*;
 A single Leaf can waft an *Army* o'er,
 Or ship off *Senates* to some distant shore;
 A Leaf like *Sybil's* scatters to and fro 75
 Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow;
 Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.

Well then, since with the World we stand or fall,
 Come take it as we find it, Gold and all. 80

What Riches give us, let us first enquire;
 Meat, fire, and cloaths. What more? meat, cloaths, and
 [fire.

V. 72. — [*fetch or carry Kings.*] In our Author's time, many Princes had been sent about the world, and great Changes of King's projected in Europe. The Partition-Treaty had dispos'd of *Spain*, *France* had set up a King for *England*, who was sent to *Scotland*, and back again; King *Stanislaus* was sent to *Poland*, and back again; the Duke of *Anjou* was sent to *Spain* and *Don Carlos* to *Italy*.

V. 74. *Or ship off Senates to some distant shore.*] Alludes to several Ministers, Counsellors, and Patriots banished in our times to *Siberia*, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of *PARIS*, banished to *Pontoise* in the year 1720.

V. 75. *A Leaf like Sybils.* — Virg. *Æn.* 6.

V. 81. *What Riches give us, &c.*] That Riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford *Necessaries*, much less *Happiness*.

Is this too little? wou'd you more than live?
 Alas! 'tis more than *Turner* finds they give.
 Alas 'tis more than (all his Visions past) 85
 Unhappy *Wharton*, waking, found at last!
 What can they give? to dying *Hopkins* Heirs?
 To *Chartres* Vigour, *Japhet*, Nose and ears?
 Can

V. 84. *Turner* One, who being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down in his Coach because Interest was reduced from 5 to 4 *per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest: which Sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outliv'd it, but that he was Heir to another considerable Estate which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he sav'd both Clothes and all other expences.

V. 86. Unhappy *Wharton*!] A Nobleman of great Qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been Vices and Follies. See his Character in the first Epistle of the second book.

V. 87. *Hopkins*] A Citizen whose Rapacity obtain'd him the name of *Vultur Hopkins*. He lived worthless, but died worth three hundred thousand pounds: which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second Generation. His Counsel representing to him how many years it must be, before this could take effect, and that his Money could only lie at Interest all that time, he exprest
 great

Can they, in gems bid pallid *Hippia* glow,
 In *Fulvia*'s buckle ease the throbs below, 90
 Or heal, old *Narfes*, thy obscener ail,
 With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail?
 They might, (were *Harpax* not too wise to spend,
 Give *Harpax* self the blessing of a Friend;
 Or find some Doctor that would save the life 95
 Of wretched *Shylock*, spite of *Shylock*'s Wife:
 But thousands die, without or this or that,
 Die, and endow a College, or a Cat:
 To some indeed heav'n grants the happier fate
 T'enrich a Bastard, or a son they hate 100

great Joy thereat, and said, " They would then be
 " as long in spending, as he had been in getting it."
 But the Chancery afterwards set aside the Will, and
 gave it to the Heir at law.

V. 88. *Japhet, Nose and Ears.*] JAPHET CROOK,
 alias Sir *Peter Stranger*, was punished with the loss of
 those parts, for having forged a *Conveyance* of an
 Estate to himself, upon which he took up several
 thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in
 Chancery for having fraudulently obtain'd a *Will*, by
 which he possess'd another considerable Estate, in
 wrong of the Brother of the deceas'd. By these
 means he was worth a great Sum, which (in reward
 for the small loss of his Ears) he enjoy'd in Prison
 till his death, and quietly left to his Executor.

V. 98. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.*] A
 famous Duchess of R. in her last Will left considera-
 ble legacies and annuities to her Cats.

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part ?
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart :
 The grave Sir *Gilbert* holds it for a rule,
 That " every man in want is knave or fool :
 " God cannot love (says *Blunt*, with lifted eyes) 105
 " The wretch he starves" — and piously denies:
 But rev'rend S * * n with a softer air,
 Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
 Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
 Each does but hate his Neighbour as himself : 110

V. 102. *Bond damns the Poor—*

*But reverend S * * n with a softer air
 Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.*

In the year 1730, a Corporation was established to lend money to the Poor upon Pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*. It was under the direction of the Right Honourable Sir R. S. Sir Arch. Grant, Mr. Denis Bond, Mr. Burroughs, &c. But the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a Parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy Sufferers, and three of the Managers, who were Members of the House, were expelled. That " *God hates the Poor, and That every man in want is Knave or Fool, &c.*" were the genuine Apothegms of some of the persons here mentioned.

V. 110. *Each does but hate, &c.] That Avarice is an absolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpose. Conjectures about the Motives of avaricious Men.*

Damn'd

Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
 The Slave that digs it and the Slave that hides.
 Who suffer thus meer Charity should own
 Must act on Motives pow'rful tho' unknown :
 Some War, some Plague, some Famine they foresee,
 Some Revelation, hid from you and me. 116
 Why *Shylock* wants a meal, the cause is found,
 He thinks a Loaf will rise to fifty pound.
 What made *Directors* cheat in South-sea year ?
 To live on Ven'son when it sold so dear. 120
 Ask you why *Phryne* the whole Auction buys ?
Phryne foresees a *General Excise*.
 Why she and *Sapho* raise that monstrous sum ?
 Alas ! they fear a Man will cost a plum.
 Wife *Peter* sees the World's respect for Gold, 125
 And therefore hopes this Nation may be sold :
 Glo-

V. 120. *To live on Ven'son.*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of Venison, was from three to five pounds.

V. 122. — *A General Excise.*] Many People about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this Lady might have some Intimation.

V. 125. *Wife Peter.*] PETER WALTER, a Person not only eminent in the Wisdom of his Profession, as a dextrous Attorney, but allow'd to be a good, if not a safe, Conveyancer; extremely respected by the Nobility of this land, tho' free from all manner of Luxury and Ostentation: His Wealth was never seen, and his Bounty
 C never

Glorious Ambition! *Peter*, swell thy store,
And be what *Rome's* great *Didius* was before.

The Crown of *Poland*, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest *Gage*. 130
But nobler scenes *Maria's* dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and wordls of Gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' *Asturian* Mines.

Much injur'd *Blunt*! why bears he *Britain's* hate?
A Wizard told him in these words our fate. 136

“ At

never heard of; except to his own son, for whom he procur'd an Employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary. Therefore the taxing this Gentlemen with any *Ambition*, is certainly a great wrong to him.

V. 128, *Rome's* great *Didius*.] A Roman Lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set to sale upon the death of *Portinax*.

V. 129. *The Crown of Poland*, &c.] The two Persons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the time of the *Missisipi* despis'd to realize above *three hundred thousand pounds*: The Gentleman with a view to the purchase of the Crown of *Poland*, the Lady on a Vision of the like Royal nature. They since retired into *Spain*, where they are still in search of Gold in the Mines of the *Austuries*.

V. 135. *Much injur'd Blunt*.] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a Scrivener, was one of the first Projectors of the South-sea Company, and afterwards one of the Directors and chief Managers of the famous Scheme in 1720. He was

" At length *Corruption*, like a gen'ral flood,
 " (So long by watchful Ministers withstood)
 " Shall deluge all ; and *Avarice* creeping on,
 " Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the *Sun*. 140
 " Statesman and Patriot ply alike the stocks.
 " Peerefs and Butler share alike the Box,
 " The Judge shall job, the Bishop bite the town,
 " And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
 " See *Britain* sunk in *Lucre's* sordid charms, 14
 " And *France* reveng'd of *ANNE's* and *EDWARD's* Arms!
 'Twas no Court badge, great Scriv'ner ! fir'd thy brain
 Nor Lordly Luxury, nor City Gain :
 No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
 Senates degen'rate, Patriots disagree, 150
 And nobly wishing *Party-rage* to cease,
 To buy both *sides*, and give thy Country peace,
 All this is madness, cries a sober Sage :
 But who, my friend, has reason in his Rage?

was also one of those who suffer'd most severely by the Bill of Pain and Penalties on the said Directors. He was a Dissenter of a most religious deportment, and profess'd to be a great Believer. Whether he did really credit the *Prophecy* here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the *Corruption* and *Luxury* of the Age, the Partiality of *Parliaments*, and the Misery of *Party-Spirit*. He was particularly eloquent against *Avarice* in *Great and Noble Persons*, of which he had indeed liv'd to see many miserable Examples. He died in the year 1732.

" The ruling Passion, be it what it will, 155
 " The ruling Passion conquers Reason still.
 Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
 Than ev'n that passion, if it has no Aim ;
 For tho' such motives folly you may call,
 The folly's greater to have none at all. 160
 Hear then the truth : "'Tis Heav'n each Passion sends,
 And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent Ends.
 " Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
 " Extremes in Man concur to general use.
 Ask we what makes one keep and one bestow? 165
 That Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,
 Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
 Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
 Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
 And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
 Riches, like Insects, when conceal'd they lie, 170
 Wait but for wings, and in their season, fly.
 Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
 Sees but a backward Steward for the Poor ;
 This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare, 175
 The next, a Fountain spouting thro' his Heir,
 In lavish streams to quench a Country's thirst,
 And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

V. 161, &c. *That the Conduct of Men with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of PROVIDENCE, which works the General Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its Great End by perpetual Revolutions.*
 See Book 1. Epist. 2. V. 155, &c. 197.

Old *Cotta* sham'd his Fortune and his Birth,
 Yet was not *Cotta* void of wit or worth : 180
 What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot,
 His Kitchen vy'd in coolness with his Grot ?
 His court with nettles, moat with cresses stor'd,
 With soups unbought, and fallads, blest his board.
 If *Cotta* liv'd on Pulse, it was no more 185
 Than *Bramins*, *Saints*, and *Sages* did before ;
 To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
 And who would take the poor from Providence ?
 Like some lone *Chartreuse* stands the good old hall,
 Silence without, and fasts within the wall ; 190
 No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor found,
 No noontide-bell invites the country round ;
 Tenants with sighs the smoakless tow'r's survey,
 And turn th' unwilling Steed another way :
 Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er, 195
 Curse the fav'd candle, and unopening door ;
 While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate,
 Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
 Not so his Son, he mark'd this oversight,
 And then mistook reverse of wrong for right : 200
 For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
 But what to follow, is a task indeed.

V. 180, &c. *How a Miser acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable.*

V. 199. *How a Prodigal does the same.*

V. 184. *With soups unbought.*] — dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis. VIRG.

Whole slaughter'd hecatombs, and floods of wine,
 Fill the capacious Squire, and deep Divine.
 Yet no mean motive this profusion draws, 205
 His Oxen perish in his Country's cause :
 'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
 And Zeal for that great House which eats him up.
 The woods recede around the naked seat,
 The Sylvans grown—no matter—for the Fleet, 210
 Next goes his wool, to clothe our valiant bands,
 Last, for his Country's love, he sells his Lands.
 To town he comes, compleats the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
 And shall not *Britain* now reward his toils, 215
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
 In vain at court the Bankrupt pleads his cause,
 His thankless country leaves him to her Laws.
 The Sense to value Riches, with the Art
 To enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart, 220
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
 Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
 To balance Fortune by a just expence,
 Join with Oeconomy, Magnificence,
 With splendor, Charity, with plenty, Health; 225
 Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.
 To Want, or Worth, well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
 And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n. 230

V. 219. The *due Medium* and *true Use of Riches*.

Whole

Whose measure full o'erflows on human race,
 Mends fortune's fault, and justifies her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,
 As Poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
 In heaps, like Ambergrise, a stink it lies, 235
 But well dispers'd, Is Innocence to the Skies.

Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
 The wretch that trusts them, and the Rogue that cheats,
 Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
 Without a Fidler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon? 240
 Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,
 Un elbow'd by a *Gamester, Pimp, or Play'r*?
 Who copies Yours, or OXFORD's better part,
 To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
 Where e'er he shines, oh Fortune gild the scene, 245
 And Angels guard him in the Golden Mean!
 There, *English Bounty* yet a while may stand,
 And *Honour* linger, e're it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should Lords engross?
 Rise honest Muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS: 250
 Pleas'd

V. 243. OXFORD's *better part*.] Edward Harley Earl of Oxford, the Son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne.

V. 250, &c. *The MAN of ROSS*.] the Person here celebrated, who with a small Estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true Name was almost lost (partly by the Title of the *Man of Ross* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much

Pleas'd *Vaga* echoes thro' her winding bounds,
 And rapid *Severn* hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost, 255
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose Cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose Seats the weary Traveller repose? 260
 Who taught that heav'n directed Spire to rise?
 The MAN of Ross, each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the Market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon Alms-house, neat, but void of state, 265
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate:
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest,
 Is any sick? the MAN of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
 Is there a variance? enter but his door, 271
 Balk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing *Quacks* with curses fled the place,
 And vile *Attornies*, now an useless race.
 "Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275
 "What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do.

as an Inscription) was called Mr. *John Kyrle*. He died
 in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interr'd in the Chan-
 cel of the Church of Ross in Herefordshire.

" Oh

" Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply ?
 " What mines, to swell that boundless charity ?
 Of Debts and taxes, Wife and children clear,
 This man possest—five hundred pounds a year, 280
 Blush Grundeur, blush ! proud Courts withdraw your
 Ye *little Stars* ! hide your diminished rays, [blaze !
 " And what ? no monument, inscription, stone ?
 " His race, his form, his name almost unknown ?
 Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame, 285
 Will never mark the marble with his Name,
 Go search it there *, where to be born and die,
 Of rich and poor makes all the history ;
 Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between ;
 Prov'd, by the Ends of Being, to have been. 290
 When *Hopkins* dies, a thousand lights attend
 The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end :
 Should'ring God's altar a vile Image stands,
 Belies his features, nay extends his hands :
 That live-long Wig which *Gorgon's* self might own, 295
 Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
 Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend !
 And see, what comfort it affords our End.

In the worst Inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
 The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung. 300

* The Parish Register.

V. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone*] Ridicules the wretched taste of carving large perriwigs on Busto's, of which there are several vile examples in the Tombs at Westminster and elsewhere.

V. 299, &c. The Fate of the *Profuse* and the *Covetous*, in two *Examples*: both miserable in *Life* and in *Death*.

On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
 With tape-ty'd curtains never meant to draw,
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great *Villers* lies—alas! how chang'd from him, 305
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
 Gallant and gay, in *Clivedon's* proud alcove,
 The bow'r of wanton *Sbrewsbury* and Love;
 Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
 Of mimick'd Statesmen, and their merry King. 310
 No Wit to flatter, left of all his store!
 No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
 There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage *Cutler* could foresee, 315
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
 As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir *John*?
 "That I can do, when all I have is gone."
 Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320
 Thy life more wretched, *Cutler*, was confess'd,
 Arise and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
 For very want; he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r, 325
 For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.

V. 305. George Villers, Duke of Buckingham, who died in this manner.

A few

A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
 'Twas very want that fold them for two pound.
 What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
 Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend? 330
 What but a want, which you perhaps think mad
 Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had.
Cutler and *Brutus*, dying both exclaim,
 "Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a Name?"

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
 Or are they both, in this, their own reward? 336
 That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
 Or tell a Tale?—A Tale—it follows thus.

Where *London's Column* pointing at the skies,
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lyes; 340
 There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,
 A plain good man, and *Balaam* was his name.
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.
 One solid dish his weak-day meal affords, 345
 And added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's
 Constant at Church, and Change; his gains were sure,
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The *Dev'l* was piqu'd, such saintship to behold,
 And long'd to tempt him like good *Job* of old: 350
 But *Satan* now is wiser than of yore,
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

V. 339. *Where London's Column*] The Monument
 built in memory of the Fire of London, with an In-
 scription importing that City to have been burnt by the
 Papists.

Rouz'd

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
 The surge, and plunge his *Father* in the deep;
 Then full against his *Cornish* lands they roar, 555
 And two rich ship-wrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir *Balaam* now, he lives like other folks,
 He takes his chirping pint, he cracks his jokes:
 "Live like your self," was soon my Lady's word;
 And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board. 360

Asleep and naked as an *Indian* lay,
 An honest Factor stole a Gem away:
 He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
 So kept the *Diamond*, and the rogue was bit.
 Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought, 365
 "I'll now give six-pence where I gave a groat,
 "Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
 "And am so clear too of all other vice."

The Tempter saw his time? the work he ply'd;
 Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev'ry side, 370
 Till all the Dæmon makes his full descent,
 In one abundant show'r of *Cent. per Cent*,
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
 Then dubs *Director*, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir *Balaam*, now a man of spirit, 375
 Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit,
 What late he call'd a *Blessing*, now was *Wit*,
 And *God's* good *Providence*, a lucky *Hit*.
 Things change their titles, as our manners turn,
 His Compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn; 380
 Seldom at Church, (twas such a busy life)
 But duly sent his Family and Wife.

There

There (so to Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A *Nymph* of *Quality* admires our Knight; 385
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. *James's* Air:
First, for his Son a gay *Commission* buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies. 59
His Daughter flaunts a *Viscount's* tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and p—x for life.

In Britain's *Senate* he a seat obtains,
And one more Pensioner St. *Stephen* gains.
My Lady falls to *Play*: so bad her chance, 395
He must repair it; takes a bribe from *France*;
The House impeach him; *Coningsby* harangues;
The Court forsake him, and Sir *Balaam* hangs:
Wife, son, and daughter, *Satan*, are thy own;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown, 400
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And sad Sir *Balaam* curses God and dies.

V. 358. *And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.*—
—atque unum civem donare *Sybilla*. J u v.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD *Earl of* BURLINGTON.

TIS strange, the Miser should his Cares employ,
To gain those Riches he can ne'er enjoy.

Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats : 5
Artists must chuse his Pictures, Music, Meats :
He buys for *Topham*, Drawings and Designs,
For *Fountain* Statues, and for *Pembroke* Coins,
Rare monkish Manuscripts for *Hearne* alone,
And Books for *Mead*, and Rarities for *Sloane*. 10

This Epistle is a Corollary to the preceding : As that treated of the extremes of *Avarice* and *Profusion*, this takes up one branch of the latter, *the Vanity of Ex-pence* in people of Quality or Fortune.

V. 7. *Topham*.] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings.

V. 10. *And Books for Mead, and Rarities for Sloane*.] Two eminent Physicians; the one had an excellent Library, the other the finest Collection in Europe of natural curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity.

Think

Think we all these are for him self? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted?
Only to show, how many Tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir *Visto*'s ill-got wealth to waste? 15
Some Dæmon whisper'd, "*Visto!* have a Taste."
Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but *Ripley* with a Rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish aukward pride,
Bids *Bubo* build, and sends him such a Guide: 20
A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!

You show us, *Rome* was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of Use.
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules 25
Fill half the land with Imitating Fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,
Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate; 30
Reverse your Ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall,
Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front.

V. 15. The Abuse of the Word *Taste*.

V. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

Shall

Shall call the winds thro' long Arcades to roar, 35
 Proud to catch cold at a *Venetian* door;
 Conscious they act a true *Palladian* part,
 And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
 A certain truth, which many buy too dear: 40
 Something there is, more needful than *Expen*ce,
 And something previous ev'n to *Taste*——'Tis *Sense*:
 Good *Sense*, which only is the gift of heav'n,
 And tho' no science, fairly worth the seven:
 A *Light*, which in yourself you must perceive; 45
Jones and *Le Nôtre* have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
 To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot:
 In all, let *Nature* never be forgot. 50
 But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
 Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.

V. 36. A Door or Window, so called, from being much practised at Venice, by Palladio and others.

V. 39, &c. That the first principle and foundation of all *Taste*, is *Good Sense*.

V. 46. *Inigo Jones*, the celebrated Architect, and M. *Le Nôtre*, the Designer of the best Gardens of *France*.

V. 47, &c. The chief proof of good *Sense* in this, as in every thing else, is to follow *Nature*, but with Judgment, and Choice.

He

He gains all points, who *pleasingly confounds*, 55
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Consult the *Genius* of the place in all;
 That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall,
 Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to scale,
 Or scoops in circling Theatres the Vale, 60
 Calls in the Country, catches opening glades.
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades,
 Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
 Paints as you plant, and as you work, designs.

Begin with *Sense*, of ev'ry Art the Soul, 65
 Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a Whole,
 Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
 Start ev'n from *Difficulty*, strike from *Chance*;
Nature shall join you, *Time* shall make it grow
 A work to wonder at—— perhaps a *Stow*. 70

Without it, proud *Versailles*! thy glory falls,
 And *Nero's* Terraces desert their walls:
 The vast *Parterres* a thousand hands shall make,
 Lo! *Cobham* comes, and floats them with a Lake:

V. 57, &c. The first Rule, to adapt all to the *Nature*
 and *Use* of the *Place*, and the Beauties not forced into
 it, but resulting from it.

V. 70. The Seat and Gardens of the Lord Viscount
Cobham in Buckinghamshire.

V. 71. &c. For want of this *Sense*, and thro' neglect
 of this *Rule*, men are disappointed in the most expen-
 sive Undertakings. Nothing without this will ever
 please long, if it pleases at all.

Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain, 75
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.

Behold *Villario's* ten years toil compleat,
His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet,
The Wood supports the Plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contend with strength of light; 80
A waving Glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright Diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er —
Enjoy them, you! *Villario* can no more;
Tir'd of the scene Parterres and fountains yield, 85
He finds at last he better likes a Field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd *Sabinus* stray'd,
Or fate delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the red'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet! 90
His Son's fine Taste an op'ner vista loves,
Foe to the *Dryads* of his Father's groves,

V. 75. Or cut wide views thro' Mountains.] This was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy Citizen, at the expence of above 5000 l. by which means (meerly to overlook a dead Plain) he set in the Northwind upon his House and Parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

One

One boundless Green, or flourish'd Carpet views,
 With all the mournful family of Yews;
 The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made, 95
 Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade.
 At *Timon's Villa* let us pass a day,
 Where all cry out, "what sums are thrown away!
 So proud, so grand, of that stupendous air,
 Soft and Agreeable come never there. 100

V. 93. The two Extremes in Parterre, which are equally faulty, a *boundless Green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flourish'd Carpet*, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.

V. 94. —*mournful Family of Yews*.] touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of Evergreens (particularly Yews which are the most tinsell) as to destroy the nobler Forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as Pyramids of dark green, continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral procession.

V. 97. At *Timon's Villa*.] This Description is intended to comprize the Principles of a false Taste of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good Sense can attain it.

V. 100, &c. The first wrong Principle, is to imagine true Greatness consists in *size and dimension*: whereas, let the work be ever so vast, unless the parts cohere in one harmony, it will be but a great many Littlenesses put together.

Greatness with *Timon*, dwells in such a draught
 As brings all *Braddignag* before your thought.
 To compass this, his building is a Town,
 His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
 Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees? 105
 A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze.
 Lo! what huge heaps of littleness around!
 The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground.
 Two *Cupids* squirt before: a Lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the Northern wind. 110
 His Gardens next your admiration call,
 On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall?
 No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
 Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother, 115
 And half the platform just reflects the other.
 The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees,

V. 109. The second Error, *Disproportion*, small things joined to large ones.

V. 112. The *Ends* and *Bounds* being seen at once, which however large, will diminish both of the *Grandeur* and the *Surprize*.

V. 115. Too exact *Resemblance* of Part to Part, and *Repetition* of the same Objects.

V. 117. Figures *unnatural*, *stiff* and *formal*, or such as cannot be made perfect.

With

With here a Fountain never to be play'd,
 And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade. 120
 Here *Amphitrite* sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
 There *Gladiators* fight, or die in flow'rs;
 Un-water'd see the drooping sea horse mourn,
 And swallows roost in *Nilus'* dusty Urn.

My Lord advances with majestic mien, 125
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen :
 But soft——by regular approach——not yet——
 First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat,
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
 Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes. 130

His *Study* ? with what Authors is it stor'd ?
 In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord ;

To

V. 119, &c. Ornaments of building or sculpture, either too much multiplied, or ill-placed, or where Nature does not favour 'em. All the Examples are taken from some known Gardens.

V. 122. *The two Statues, of the Gladiator pugnans, and Gladiator moriens.*

V. 128. *The Approaches and Communications of House with Garden, or of one part with another, ill judg'd and inconvenient.*

V. 131. *His Study ? &c*] The false Taste in Books, a satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune, than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding ; some have carry'd it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of

To all their *Dated Backs* he turns you round,
 These *Aldus* printed, those *Du Suëil* has bound.
 Lo some are *Vellom*, and the rest as good 135
 For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
 For *Lock* or *Milton* 'tis in vain to look,
 These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the Chappel's silver bell you hear,
 That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r: 140
 Light quirks of Musick, broken and uneven,
 Make the soul dance upon a Jig to Heaven.
 On painted Cielings you devoutly stare,
 Where sprawl the Saints of *Verrio*, or *Laguerre*.
 On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie, 145
 And bring all Paradise before your eye.

wood: others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do.

V. 140. The false Taste in *Musick*, improper to the subjects, as of light *Airs* in Churches, often practised by the Organists, &c.

V. 143.—And in *Painting* (from which even *Italy* is not free) from naked Figures in churches, &c. which has obliged some Popes to put Draperies on some of those of the best Masters.

V. 144. *Verrio* (*Antonio*) painted many Cielings, &c. at *Windſor*, *Hampton Court*, &c. and *Laguerre* at *Blenheim-Castle*, and other places.

To

To rest, the Cushion and soft *Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.

But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall : 150
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a Genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb;
A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state, 155
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweetwine, and God blest the King. 160

V. 147. *This is a Fact, a Reverend Dean of Peterborough preaching at Court, threatened the Sinner with punishment in "a place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly."*

V. 151. taxes the Incongruity of Ornaments (tho' sometimes practis'd by the Ancients) where a distorted Mouth ejects the water into a Fountain, or where the shocking Images of Serpents, &c. are introduced in Grottos, or Buffets.

V. 153. *Is this a dinner? &c.]* The proud Festivals of some Men are here set forth to ridicule, where the Pride destroys the Ease, and the formal Regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

V. 158. *Sancho's dread Doctor.]* See Don Quixote, Vol. 4. Chap. 6.

In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
 Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
 Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
 I curse such lavish cost, and little skill, 165
 And swear no Day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the *Poor* are cloath'd, the *Hungry* fed;
 Health to himself, and to his Infants bread
 The Lab'rer bears : What his hard Heart denies,
 His charitable Vanity supplies. 170
 Another age shall see the golden Ear
 Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre.
 Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
 And laughing *Ceres* re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the Soil ? 175
 Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.
 'Tis *Use* alone that sanctifies Expence,
 And Splendor borrows all her rays from *Sense*.

His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
 Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he encrease; 180
 Whose chearful Tenants bless their yearly toil,
 Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil ;

V. 167, &c. The *Moral* of the whole, where Providence is justified in giving Wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad Taste employs more hands, and diffuses Expence, more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book 1. Epist. 2. v. 230---7. and in the Epistle preceding this, v. 161, &c.

Whose

Whose ample Lawns are not asham'd to feed
 The milky heifer and deserving steed ;
 Whose rising Forests, not for pride or show, 185
 But future Buildings, future Navies grow ;
 Let *His* plantations stretch from down to down,
 First shade a Country, and then raise a Town.

You too proceed ! make falling Arts your care,
 Erect new wonders, and the old repair, 190
Jones and *Palladio* to themselves restore,
 And be whate'er *Vitruvius* was before :
 Till *Kings* call forth th' Idea's of your mind,
 Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd,
 Bid *Harbors* open, public *Ways* extend, 195
 Bid *Temples*, worthier of the God, ascend,

Bid

V. 193. 195, &c. Till *Kings* — Bid *Harbors* open, &c.]
 The Poet after having touched upon the proper objects
 of Magnificence and expence, in the private Works of
 Great Men, comes to those great and publick Works
 which become a Prince. This Poem was published in the
 year 1732 : when some of the new built Churches, by
 the Act of Q. Anne, were ready to fall, being founded
 in boggy land, and others vilely executed, thro' frau-
 dulent cabals between Undertakers, Officers, &c. when
 Dagenham Breach had done very great mischeifs ; when
 the Proposal of building a Bridge at Westminster had
 been petitioned against, and rejected ; when many of the
 High ways throughout England were hardly passable,
 and most of those which were repaired by Turnpikes,
 made Jobbs for private Lucre, and infamously executed,
 even

Bid the broad *Arch* the dang'rous Flood contain,
 The *Mole* projected break the roaring Main ;
 Back to his bounds their subject *Sea* command,
 And roll obedient *Rivers* thro' the Land : 200
 These Honours, Peace to happy *Britain* brings,
 These are *Imperial Works*, and worthy *Kings*.

even to the Entrances of London itself. There had, at this time, been an uninterrupted Peace in Europe for above twenty years.

EPISTLES,

THE

THIRD BOOK.

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.



EPISTLE I.
TO
ROBERT Earl of OXFORD,
AND
Earl MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
'Till Death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain! 5
Dear to the Muse! to *Harley* dear — in vain!
For him, thou oft hast bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For *Swift* and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great; 10

* This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with
Dr. *Parnelle's* Poems published by our Author, after the
said Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower, and Retreat in-
to the Country.

Dex-

Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd escape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days, 15
Still hear thy *Parnell* in his living lays,
Who careless now of Interest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy *Fall*. 20

And sure, if ought below the seats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride,
The rage of Pow'r, the blast of publick breath, 25
The lust of Lucre, and the dread of Death.
In vain to Desarts thy retreat is made;
The *Muse* attends thee to the silent shade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace. 30
When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now, the shades thy Ev'ning walk with bays, 35
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise)
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day,
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he. 40

EPISTLE

EPISTLE II.

TO

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

SECRETARY of STATE.

A Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
 Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide,
 Which nor to Guilt, nor Fear, its Caution owes,
 And boasts a Warmth that from no Passion flows;
 A Face untaught to feign ! a judging Eye, 5 }
 That darts severe upon a rising Lye,
 And strikes a blush thro' frontless Flattery.
 All this thou wert; and being this before,
 Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
 Then scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways, 10
 Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise;
 But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
 Proceed — a Minister, but still a Man;
 Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
 Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me. 15
 The Patriot's plain, but untrod path pursue;
 If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of You.

EPISTLE.

EPISTLE III.

T O

Mr. ADDISON.

S E E the wild Waste of all devouring years ! *
 How *Rome* her own sad *Sepulchre* appears,
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread,
 The very Tombs now vanish'd like their dead !
 Imperial wonders, rais'd on Nations spoil'd, 5
 Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd :
 Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her Floods ;
 Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey ;
 Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they ; 10
 Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage ;

* This was written in 1715, at which time Mr.
Addison intended to publish his Book of Medals. It
 was some time before he was Secretary of State.

Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire,
 Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15
 Some bury'd marble half preserves a Name;
 That Name, the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to *Titus* old *Vespasian's* due.

Ambition sigh'd : She found it vain to trust
 The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust ; 20
 Huge Moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
 Their ruins ruin'd, and their place no more!
 Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin :
 A narrow orb each crouded Conquest keeps, 25
 Beneath her Palm here sad *Judæa* weeps.
 Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate *Nile* or *Rhine*,
 A small *Euphrates* thro' the piece is roll'd,
 And little Eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The *Medal*, faithful to its charge of fame,
 Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name :
 In one short view subjected to our eye
 Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties lie.
 With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore, 35
 Th' inscription value, but the Rust adore ;
 This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
 To gain *Pescennius* one employs his schemes,
 One grasps a *Cecrops* in ecstatic dreams ; 40
 Poor *Vadius*, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his *Shield* was scour'd ;

E

And

And *Curio*, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an *Otho*, and neglects his Bride.

Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine : 45
Touch'd by thy hand, again *Rome's* glories shine,
Her Gods, and god-like Heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a new.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage ;
These pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage ; 50
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh when shall *Britain*, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of *Greek* and *Roman* Fame,
In living medals see her wars enroll'd, 55
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the *Patriot's* honest face ;
There *Warriors* frowning in historic bras:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How *Plato's*, *Bacon's*, *Newton's* looks agree ; 60
Or in fair series laurell'd Bards be shown,
A *Virgil* there, and here an *Addison*.

Then shall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the cast Ore, another *Pollio* shine ;
With aspect open, shall erect his head, 65
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
" Statesman, yet friend to Truth ! of soul sincere,
" In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
" Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
" Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend, 70
" Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
" And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IV.

TO

Mr. J E R V A S,

With *Dryden's* Translation of *Fresnoy's*
Art of Painting.

THIS Verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd Mass, 5
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close Art, and *Dryden's* native Fire:
And reading wish, like theirs our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name; 10
Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,
 And met congenial, mingling flame with flame :
 Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15
 And each from each contract new strength and light.
 How oft' in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
 While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away ?
 How oft' our slowly-growing works impart,
 While images reflect from art to art ! 20
 How oft' review ; each finding like a friend
 Something to blame, and something to commend ?
 What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought !
 Together o'er the *Alps* methinks we fly, 25
 Fir'd with Ideas of fair *Italy*.
 With thee, on *Raphael's* Monument I mourn,
 Or wait inspiring Dreams at *Maro's* Urn :
 With thee repose, where *Tully* once was laid,
 Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade ; 30
 While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
 And builds imaginary *Rome* a-new.
 Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye ;
 A Fading *Fresco* here demands a sigh :
 Each heav'nly piece unweary'd we compare, 35
 Match *Raphael's* grace with thy lov'd *Guido's* air,
Carracci's strength, *Corregio's* softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and *Titian's* warmth divine.
 How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
 This small, well-polish'd Gem, the *work of years ! 40

* *Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing
 this Poem.* Yet

Yet still how faint by precept is express
 The living image in the painter's breast?
 Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
 Thence Beauty waking all her forms, supplies 45
 An Angel's sweetness, or *Bridgewater's* eyes.

Muse! at that Name thy sacred sorrows shed,
 Those tears eternal that embalm the dead:
 Call round her Tomb each object of desire,
 Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire: 50
 Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
 The tender sister, daughter, friend and wife:
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
 Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage; 55
 Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
 Beauty, frail flow'r that every season fears,
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
 Thus *Churchill's* race shall other hearts surprize,
 And other Beauties envy *Worsley's* eyes; 60
 Each pleasing *Blount* shall endless smiles bestow,
 And soft *Belinda's* blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those Colours may they shine,
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line!
 New graces yearly like thy works display, 65
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
 Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
 And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains!

The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,
 One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70
 Yet should the *Graces* all thy figures place,
 And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
 Yet should the *Muses* bid my numbers roll,
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
 With *Zeuxis' Helen* thy *Bridgewater* vie, 75
 And these be sung 'till *Granville's Myra* die:
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim?
 Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

EPISTLE V.

TO

Miss BLOUNT,

With the Works of *VOITURE*.

Written at 17 years old.

IN these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;
His easy Art may happy Nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate, 5
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share!
His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair. 10
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life away.

E 4

Till

'Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,
 As smiling Infants sport themselves to rest.
 Ev'n rival Wits did *Voiture's* death deplore, 15
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
 The truest hearts for *Voiture* heav'd with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eyes;
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in *Voiture's* death,
 But that for ever in his lines they breathe. 20

Let the strict life of graver mortals be
 A long, exact, and serious Comedy,
 In every scene some Moral let it teach,
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
 Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25
 And more diverting still than regular,
 Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace,
 Tho' not too strictly bound to Time and Place:
 Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,
 Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30

Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
 Severe to all, but most to Womankind;
 Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your guide;
 Your pleasure is a Vice, but not your pride;
 By Nature yielding, stubborn but for fame; 35
 Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by shame.
 Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chase,
 But sets up one, a greater in their place;
 Well might you wish for change, by those accurst,
 But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst. 40
 Still in constraint your suff'ring Sex remains,
 Or bound in formal, or in real Chains:

Whole

Whole years neglected, for some Months ador'd,
 The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
 Ah quit not the free innocence of Life, 45
 For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife!

Nor let false Shews, or empty Titles please :
 Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.

The Gods, to curse *Pamela* with her pray'rs,
 Gave the gilt Coach and dappled *Flanders Mares*, 50
 The shining Robes, rich Jewels, beds of State,
 And, to compleat her bliss, a Fool for Mate.
 She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
 Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part,
 She sighs, and is no Dutcheß at her Heart. 56

But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you
 Are destin'd *Hymen's* willing Victim too ;
 Trust not too much your now resistless Charms,
 Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late, disarms ; 60
 Good humour only teaches Charms to last,
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past ;
 Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
 Our Hearts may bear its slender Chain a day ;
 As flow'ry Bands in wantonness are worn, 65
 A Morning's pleasure, and at ev'ning torn :
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing Heart, and only holds it long.

Thus * *Voiture's* early care still shone the same,
 And *Montausier* was only chang'd in name: 70

* *Mademoiselle Paulet.*

By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their Wit still sparkling, and their Flames still warm.

Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' *Elysian* coast,
Amid those Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost:
Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer *Ramboüillet* in you. 76

The brightest eyes of *France* inspir'd his muse;
The brightest eyes of *Britain* now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the World beside. 80

EPISTLE VI.

To the same on her leaving the Town,
after the CORONATION.

AS some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholesome country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair *Zephalinda* flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd not that they *stay'd*, but that she *went*. 10

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea, 15
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon:

Divert

Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire; 20
 Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
 Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack;
 Who visits with a Gun, presents you birds, 25
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries, — No words!
 Or with his hound comes hallowing from a stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
 Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all things — but his horse. 30

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
 You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade;
 In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
 See Coronations rise on ev'ry green;
 Before you pass th' imaginary fights 35
 Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd knights;
 While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes;
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish scepters, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls! 40

So when your Slave, at some, dear idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you:
 Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45
 Or sees the blush of soft *Parthenia* rise,

Gay

Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite ;
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs, rush upon my sight :
Vext to be fill in town, I knit my brow,
Look four, and hum a song — as you may now, 50

EPISTLE VII.

TO

Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

SHUT, shut the door, good *John*! fatigu'd I said,
Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay 'tis past a doubt,

All *Bedlam*, or *Parnassus*, is let out :

Fire in each eye, and Papers in each hand, 5
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,

This Epistle contains an Apology for the Author and his Writings. It was drawn up at several times, as the several occasions offered. He had no thought of publishing it, till it pleas'd some Persons of Rank and Fortune to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only his *Writings*, but his *Morals*, *Person*, and *Family*: of which he therefore thought himself obliged to give some account.

By

By land, by water, they renew the charge,
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
 No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
 Ev'n *Sunday* shines no *Sabbath-day* to me:
 Then from the *Mint* walks forth the Man of rhyme,
 Happy! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson, much be-mus'd in beer, 15
 A mudlin poetess, a ryming peer,
 A cleric, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a Stanza when he should *engross*?
 Is there, who lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls? 20
 All fly to *Twit'nem*, and in humble strain
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
 Poor *Cornus* sees his frantic wife elope, 25
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and *Pope*.

Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)
 What *Drop* or *Nosstrum* can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love? 30
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
 If foes, they write, if friends they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I,
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lye;
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35
 And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.

I fit

I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years." 40

Nine years! cries he, who high in *Drury-lane*
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
 Rymes 'ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:
 "The piece you think is incorrect? why take it, 45
 "I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
 My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
 * *Pitboleon* sends to me: "You know his Grace,
 "I want a Patron; ask him for a Place." 50

Pitboleon libell'd me — "but here's a letter
 "Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
 "Dare you refuse him? *Curl* invites to dine,
 "He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn *Divine*."
 Bless me! a packet. — "'Tis a stranger sues, 55
 "A Virgin Tragedy, an-Orphan Muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!
 If I approve, commend it to the Stage."
 There (thank my Stars) my whole commission ends,
 The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60
 Fir'd that the house reject him, "Sdeath I'll print it
 "And shame the fools—your int'rest, Sir, with *Lintot*."

* The name taken from a foolish Poet at *Rhodes*, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in *Horat.* lib. 1.

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much.

“ Not Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.”

All my demurs but double his attacks, 65

At last he whispers “ do, and we go snacks.

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clapt the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

’Tis sung, when *Midas*’ Ears began to spring,

(*Midas*, a sacred person and a King) 70

His very Minister who spy’d them first,

(Some say his * Queen) was forc’d to speak, or burst.

And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,

When ev’ry coxcomb perks them in my face?

“ Good friend forbear! you deal in dang’rous things,

“ I’d never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings; 76

“ Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,

“ ’Tis nothing”—Nothing? if they bite and kick?

Out with it, *Dunciad*! let the secret pass,

That secret to each fool, that he’s an ass: 80

The truth once told, (and wherefore should we lie?)

The Queen of *Midas* slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Let peals of laughter, *Codrus*! round thee break, 85

Thou unconcern’d canst hear the mighty crack:

* The story is told by some of his Barber, but by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See Wife of Bath’s Tale in *Dryden*’s Fables.

Pit, box, and gall'ry, in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unhook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew : 90
 Destroy his fib, or sophistry in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again ;
 Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs ;
 Proud of a vast extent of flimzy lines !
 Whom have I hurt ? has Poet yet, or Peer, 95
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or *Parnassian* sneer ?
 And has not *Colly* still his lord, and whore ?
 His Butchers *Henley*, his free-masons *Moor* ?
 Does not one table *Bavius* still admit ?
 Still to one Bishop *Phillips* seem a wit ? 100
 Still *Sappho*—" Hold ! for God-sake—you'll offend,
 " No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend :
 " I too could write, and I am twice as tall,
 " But foes like these !—One *Flatt'rer's* worse than all ;
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent ;
 Alas ! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.
 One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes ; 110
 One from all *Grubstreet* will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.

V. 88. — Alluding to Horace,
 — *Si fractus illabatur Orbis*
Impavidum serient ruinæ.

This

This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court, 115
I cough like *Horace*, and tho' lean, am short,
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid's* nose, and "Sir! you have an *Eye* —
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me. 120
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal *Maro* held his head :"
And when I die be sure you let me know
Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125
Dipt me in Ink, my parents, or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd. 130
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
To second, *ARBUTHNOT!* thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? *Granville* the polite, 135
And knowing *Walsb*, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*, * *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head, 140

* All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. *Dryden*,
tho' a scandalous libel against him, entituled, *Dryden's*

And *St. John's* self (great *Dryden's* friends before)
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
 Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
 Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
 From these the world will judge of men and books,
 Not from the † *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*. 145
 Soft were my numbers, who could take offence
 While pure Description held the place of sense?
 Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
 I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still.
 Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155
 I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Satyr to his Muse, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the Author charges the publication of his first pieces: Persons with whom he was conversant (and he adds belov'd) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest*, on which he passes a sort of Censure in the lines following,

While pure Description held the place of Sense, &c.

† Authors of secret and scandalous History.

Did

Did some more sober Critic come abroad?
 If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160
 Comma's and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribbalds,
 From flashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibbalds*.
 Each Wight, who reads not, but who scans and spells,
 Each Word-catcher that lives on syllables, 166
 Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* name.
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 170
 The things we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there?
 Were others angry? I excus'd them too;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find, 175
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
 The Bard whom pilf'ring Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, 180
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year:
 He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
 And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning, 185
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:

And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not Poetry, but prose run mad :
 All these my modest Satire bad translate,
 And own'd, that nine such Poets made a *Tate*. 190
 How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe?
 And swear? not *Addison* himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
 'True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires,
 Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
 Shou'd such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ; 200
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer :
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd :
 Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ; 210
 While Wits and Templers ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
 Who would not weep, if *Atticus* were he !
 What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls? 215
 Or plaister'd posts, with claps in capitals ?

Or

Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?
 I sought no homage from the race that write ;
 I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their fight; 220
 Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great *GEORGE*! a birth-day song.
 I ne'er with wits or witlings past my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
 Nor like a puppy daggled through the town, 225
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
 Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side ;
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To *Buso* left the whole *Castalian* state. 230

Proud, as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown *Buso* puff'd by ev'ry quill ;
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His Library, (where busts of Poets dead 235
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place :
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat: 240

V. 236.— *a true Pindar stood without a head.*] ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statutes, for *Plato*, *Homer*, *Pindar*, &c. Vide *Fulv. Ursin*, &c.

Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He pay'd some Bards with port, and some with praise,
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.

Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245

Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:

But still the great have kindness in reserve,

He help'd to bury him he help'd to starve.

May some choice Patron bless each gray goose quill!

May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still! 250

So, when a Statesman wants a day's defence,

Or Envy holds a whole week's war with sense,

Or simple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,

May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!

Blest be the *Great*! for those they take away, 255

And those they left me; For they left me *GAY*;

Left me to see neglected genius bloom,

Neglected die! and tell it on his tomb:

Of all thy blameless life the sole return

My Verse, and *QUEENSB'RY* weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh let me live my own, and die so too! 261

(" To live and die is all I have to do:)

Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,

And see what friends, and read what books I please:

V. 248.—*help'd to bury.*] Mr. *Dryden*, after having liv'd in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral bestow'd upon him by the contribution of several Persons of Quality.

Above

Above a Patron, tho' I condescend 265
Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.

I was not born for Courts or great affairs ;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs ;
Can sleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead. 270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light ?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or, to be grave,
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
“ I found him close with *Swift* — Indeed? no doubt
“ (Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out.

'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will : 277

“ No, such a Genius never can lie still,
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes. 280
Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!

But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lye, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out : 290

That sop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame ;
Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
And show the *sense* of it without the *love* ;

Who

Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295
 Yet wants the honour injur'd to defend;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lye not, must at least betray:
 Who to the *Dean* and *silver bell* can swear,
 And sees at *Cannon's* what was never there; 300
 Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye.
 A Lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let *Sporus* tremble——“What? that thing of silk,
 “*Sporus*, that mere white curd of *Ass's* milk? 306
 “Satire or sense alas! can *Sporus* feel?
 “Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?”
 Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings, 310
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,
 Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320

V. 299. See the Epistle to the Earl of *Burlington*.
 V. 319. See Milton. Book 4.

In puns, or politicks, or tales, or lyes,
 Or spite, or smut, or rymes, or blasphemies.
 His wit all see-saw between *that and this*,
 Now high, now low, now master, up now miss, }
 And he himself one vile Antithesis. 325 }
 Amphibious thing ! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest, 330
 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
 Beauty that shocks you, Parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and Pride that licks the dust.
 Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
 Nor Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335
 Not proud, nor servile, be one Poets praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways,
 That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a Lye in verse or prose the same.
 That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song.
 That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ; 345
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head.
 The blow unselt, the tear he never shed ;

The

The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown, 350
 Th' imputed trash, the dulness not his own;
 The morals blacken'd when the writings scape,
 The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father, dead; 355
 The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOVEREIGN'S ear——
 Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
 For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *last*!
 "But why insult the poor, affront the great?" 360
 A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state:
 Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
 A hireling scribler, or a hireling peer,
 Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire, 365
 If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
 He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.
 Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sapbo can tell you how this man was bit:

VER. 351. *Th' imputed Trash.*] Such as profane *Psalms*, *Court-Poems*, and other scandalous things, printed in his Name by *Curl* and others.

VER. 354. *Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread.*] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Ld. Bathurst, Ld. Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Wellsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons.

This

This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess 370
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
 Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Maor* :
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?
 Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's* lye : 375
 To please a mistress, one aspers'd his life :
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife.
 Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will;

VER. 374. *Ten Years.*] It was so long before the
 Author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when,
 he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrili-
 ties and falsehoods concerning him.

VER. 375. *Welsted's Lye.*] This man had the Im-
 pudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasion'd a
Lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of.
 He also publish'd that he libell'd the Duke of *Chan-*
dos; with whom (it was added) that he had liv'd in
 familiarity, and receiv'd from him a present of *five*
hundred Pounds : the Falsehood of both which is
 known to his Grace. Mr. P. never receiv'd any Pre-
 sent, farther than the Subscription for *Homer*, from
 him, or from *Any Great Man* whatsoever.

Budgel in a weekly pamphlet call'd the *Bee*, bestow'd
 much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ
 some things about the *Last Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the
Grubstreet Journal; a Paper wherein he never had the
 least hand; direction, or supervival, nor the least know-
 ledge of its Authors.

Let

Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuse, 380
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
 Yet why? that Father held it for a rule
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool :

That

VER. 381. *His Father, Mother, &c.*] In some of *Curl's* and other Pamphlets, Mr. Pope's Father was said to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But what is stranger, a *Nobleman* (if such a Reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity* : And the following line,

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,

had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*. Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the Head of which was the *Earl of Downe*, whose sole Heiress married the *Earl of Lindsey*. — His mother was the Daughter of *William Turner Esq;* of York : She had three Brothers, one of whom was kill'd, another died in the service of King Charles ; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a General Officer in Spain, left her what estate remain'd after the Sequestrations and forfeitures of her Family — Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75 ; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following Inscription was placed by their Son on their Monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex.

D. O. M.

That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore,
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James More!* 385
 Unspotted names, and memorable long,
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)
 Each parent sprang—"What fortune, pray?—their own,
 And better got than *Bessia's* from the throne. 391
 Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
 No marrying Discord in a noble wife,
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age: 395
 No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye;
 Un-learn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtile art,
 No language, but the language of the heart.
 By Nature honest, by Experience wise, 400
 Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise,

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO POPE, VIRO INNOCUO, PROBO, PIO,
 QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV, OB. MDCCXVII.
 ET EDITHAE CONJUGI INCULPABILI,
 PIENTISSIMAE, QUAE VIXIT ANNOS
 XCIII, OB. MDCCXXXIII.
 PARENTIBUS BENEMERENTIBUS FILIUS FECIT,
 ET SIBI.

His

His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me thus to live, and thus to die !
 Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.
 O Friend ! may each domestic bliss be thine ! 406
 Be no unpleasing melancholy mine :
 Me, let the tender office long engage
 To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
 With lenient arts extend a mother's breath, 410
 Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
 Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky !
 On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
 Preserve him social, chearful, and serene, 415
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.
 Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

SATIRES

O F

HORACE

IMITATED,

With SATIRES of Dr. *DONNE*,

Verfify'd by the same hand.

G

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Occasion of publishing these Imitations was the Clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An Answer from Horace was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the Example of so much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. Donne, seem'd a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high, a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury who had been Secretary of State; neither of them look'd upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they serv'd in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a Satyrift for a Libeller; whereas to a true Satyrift nothing is so odious as a Libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a Hypocrite.



SATIRE I.

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it) but am told
 1 There are to whom my Satire seems too bold
 Scarce to wise *Peter* complaisant enough,
 And something said of *Chartres* much too rough.
 2 The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, 5
 Lord *Fanny* spins a thousand such a day.
 Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
 3 I come to Council learned in the Law.
 You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
 Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee. 10
 F. 4 I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
 5 And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.

Horatius. Trebatius.

HOR. 1 *Sunt quibus in Satyra videar nimis acer, & ultra
 Legem tendere opus; 2 sine nervis altera, quicquid
 Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
 Mille die versus deduci posse. 3 Trebati!
 Quid faciam? praecribe.*

TREB. 4. *Quiescas.* HOR. *Ne faciam, inquis,
 Omnino versus?* TREB. *Aio.*

HOR. *Peream male, si non
 Optimum erat: 5 verum nequeo dormire.*

G 2

I nod

I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15
Why, if the nights seem tedious — take a wife:

6 Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip-wine: *Probatum est*.

But talk with *Celsus*, *Celsus* will advise

Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

7 Or, if you needs must write, write CAESAR'S Praise:

8 You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

P. What? like Sir 9 *Richard*, rumbling, rough,
and fierce,

With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd
the verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25

With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and Thunder?

Or nobly wild, with *Budgell's* fire and force,

Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

TREB. 6 *Ter uncti*

*Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto,
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.*

7 *Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
CAESARIS invicti res dicere, 8 multa laborum
Præmia laturus.*

HOR. *Cupidum, pater optime! vires
Deficiunt: 9 neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.*

F. 10 Then

F. 10 Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let CAROLINA smooth the tuneful lay, 30
Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the nine,
And sweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

P. 11 Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year:
And justly CAESAR scorns the Poet's lays, 35
It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.

F. 12 Better be *Cibber*, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme *Quadrille*,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their trust in *Peter*. 40
13 Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in *Timon* and in *Balaam*:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but *Harpax* is a score.

TREB. 10 *Attamen & justum poteras & scribere fortem,*
Scipiadam, ut sapiens Lucilius.

HOR. *Haud mihi deero,*

Cum res ipsa feret: 11 nisi dextro tempore, Flacci,
Verba per attentam non ibunt Cæsar's aurem;
Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

TREB. 12 *Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu*
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?

13 *Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, &*
odit.

P. 14 Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45
 Sc*le his bottle, D*ty his Ham-pye;
 Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
 The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she;
 15 F—— loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
 Like in all else, as one Egg to another. 50
 16 I love to pour out all my self, as plain
 As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:
 In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
 The Soul stood forth, not kept a thought within;
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
 Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.
 In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
 Publish the present age; but where my text
 Is vice too high, reserve it for the next: 60
 My foes shall with my life a longer date,
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.

HOR. 14. *Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel isto
 Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis:*
 15 *Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem
 Pugnis: quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum
 Millia: 16 me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
 Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.
 Ille, velut fidis arcana sodalibus, olim
 Credebat libris; neque si male gesserat, usquam
 Decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo fit ut omnis
 Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella*

My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
 17 Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
 Like good *Erasmus* in an honest Mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
 18 Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70
 19 I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
 Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
 20 Save but our *Army*! and let *Jove* incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
 21 Peace is my dear delight——not *Fleury's* more; 75
 But touch me, and no Minister so fore.
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 22 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,

Vita senis. Sequor hunc, 17 Lucanus an. Appulus anceps:
 [Nam *Venusinus* arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis;
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis,
Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania, bellum
Incuteret violenta.] 18 Sed hic stylus haud petet ultro
Quenquam animantem; & me veluti custodiet ensis
Vagina testus, quem cur distingere coner,
 19 Tutus ab infestis latronibus? 20 O Pater & Rex
Jupiter! ut pereat positum rubigine telum,
Nec quisquam noceat 21 cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commoritur (melius non tangere clamo)
 22 Flebit, & insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

23 Slander or Poyson dread from *Delia's* rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be*
From furious *Sappho* scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

24 Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels, 85
Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels,
Tis a Bear's talent not to kick but hug,

And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug :

25 So drink with *Waters*, or with *Chartres* eat,
They'll never poyson you, they'll only cheat. 90

26 Then, learned Sir ! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether Old age with faint, but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be display'd 95
To wrap me in the universal shade ;

23 *Cervius iratus leges minitatur & urnam ;*
Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum :

Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes :

24 *Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectus terreat, utque*
Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.

Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit ; unde, nisi intus

Monstratum ? 25 *Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti*

Matrem : nil faciet sceleris pia dextera (mirum ?

Ut neque calce lupus quenquam, neque dente petit bos)

Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

26 *Ne longum faciam ; seu me tranquilla senectus*
Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis ;

Whether

Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write?
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
 27 Like *Lee* or *Budgell*, I will rhyme and print. 100

F. 28 Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
 In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
 Plums and Directors, *Shylock* and his Wife,
 Will club their Testers, now, to take your life!

P. 29 What? arm'd for *Virtue* when I point the pen,
 Brand the bold front of shameless, guilty men, 106
 Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car,
 Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a *Star*;
 Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
 Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
 Could pension'd *Boileau* lash in honest strain 111
 Flatt'ers and Bigots ev'n in *Louis*' reign?
 Could Laureate *Dryden* Pimp and Fry'r engage,
 Yet neither *Charles* nor *James* be in a rage?
 And I not 30 strip the gilding off a Knave, 115
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?

Dives, inops, Romæ, seu fors ita jusserit, exul,
 27 *Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.*

TREB. 28 O puer, ut sis
Vitalis metuo; & Majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

HOR. 29 *Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus*
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
 30 *Detrahère & pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora*
Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Lælius, & qui
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
 I will,

I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
 Hear this and tremble! you, who 'scape the laws.
 Yes, while I live, no rich, or noble knave
 Shall walk in peace, and credit, to his grave. 120
 31 To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
 The World beside may murmur, or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep
 Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
 32 There, my retreat the best companions grace, 125
 Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
 There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl,
 The Feast of Reason and the Flow of soul:
 And * HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
 Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
 Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain, 131
 Almost as quickly, as he conquer'd Spain.

*Ingenio offensi? aut læso dolouere Mettello,
 Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? Atqui
 Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim;
 Scilicet 31 UNI AEQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS
 AMICIS.*

*32 Quin ubi se a vulgo & scæna, in secreta remorant
 Virtus Scipiadae, & mitis Sapiencia Læli,
 Nugari cum illo, & discincti ludere, donec
 Decoqueretur olus, soliti.*

* Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborough, who in the year 1705 took *Barcelona*, and in the winter following with only 280 horse and 900 foot enterprized and accomplish'd the Conquest of *Valentia*.

- 34 *Envy* must own, I live among the Great,
 No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state, 135
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
 Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats,
 To help who want, to forward who excel;
 This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scribblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me. 140
 This is my plea, on this I rest my cause——
 35 What saith my Council learned in the laws?
F. 36 Your Plea is good; but still, I say, beware!
 Laws are explain'd by Men——so have a care.
 It stands on record, that in *Richard's* times 145
 A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.
 37 Consult the Statute: *Quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. & quint. Eliz.

—— *Quicquid sum ego, quamvis*
Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque, tamen me
 34 *Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque*
Invida, & fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido;——

35 — *Nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,*
Dissentis.

TREB. 36 *Equidem nihil hinc diffindere possum.*
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
Incuriat tibi quid sanctarum incititia legum.

37 “*Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina,*
jus est
 “ *Judiciumque.*”

See

See *Libels, Satires*—— here you have it——read.

P. 38 *Libels and Satires* ! lawless things indeed !

But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light, 151

Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,

Such as Sir Robert would approve——

F. Indeed ?

The Case is alter'd — you may then proceed ;

33 In such a cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd, 155

My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

HOR. *Esto, si quis 38 mala ; sed bona si quis
Judice condiderit laudatur CAESARE : si quis
Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse,
39 Solventur risu tabulæ ; tu missus abibis.*

S A T I R E II.

1 **W**HAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
 To live on little with a chearful heart,
 2 (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
 Let's talk, my friends, but talk 3 before we dine:
 5 Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride 5
 Turns you from sound Philosophy aside:
 Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
 And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
 Hear *Bethel's* Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
 4 But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10
 8 Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
 Then scorn 2 homely dinner if you can.

1 *Quæ virtus & quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,*
 (*Nec meus hic Sermo, sed quem præcepit Ofellus*
Rusticus, 4 abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minerva)
Discite 5 non inter lanceis, mensasque nitenteis,
Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, & cum
Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat;
 3 *Verum hic impransi mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?*
Dicam si potero —
 — 8 *Leporem sectatus, equove Lassus —*
Cum labor extuderit fastidia, ficcus, inanis,

9 Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
 Or kept from fish, (the river yet unthaw'd)
 If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
 The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.
 20 Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
 Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen ;
 Yet hens of *Guinea* full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20
 21 Of Carps and Mulletts why prefer the great,
 (Tho' cut in pieces 'ere my Lord can eat)
 Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess ?
 Because God made these large, the other less.

*Sperne cibum vilem.—9 Foris est Promus, & atrum
 Defendens pisces hyemat mare : cum sale panis
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet : unde ? putas, aut
 Quo partam ? Non in caro nidore voluptas
 Summa, sed in teipso est ****

10 *Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quin
 Hoc potius quam gallina, tergere palatum—
 Tanquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesteris ista,
 Quam laudas, pluma ? 11 Laudas insane, trilibrem
 Mullum, in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
 Ducit te species video. Quo pertinet ergo
 Proceros odisse lupos ? quia scilicet illis
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.*

12 *Oldfield* with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25
 Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog †barbecu'd!
 Oh blast it, 13 south-winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
 By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30
 When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a Treat,
 He'll find no relish in the sweetest meat,
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
 15 Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see, 35
 Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
 16 The *Robin-red-breast* till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a *Martin's* nest,
 Till *Becca-ficos* sold so dev'lish dear,
 To one that was, or would have been, a Peer, 40

12 Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
 Vellem (ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus) at vos
 Præsentis Austri! coquite horum opsonia: Quamvis
 Putet aper, rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
 Ægrum sollicitat stomachum, cum rapula plenas
 Atque acidas mavult inulas. 15 Necdum omnis abacta
 Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovis
 Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. —

16 *Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,*

† A *West Indian* term of gluttony, a hog roasted
 whole, stuff'd with spice, and basted with *Madera* wine.

17 Let

17 Let me extoll a *Cat*, on oysters fed,
 I'll have a party at the *Bedford-Head*,
 Or ev'n to crack live *Crawfish* recommend,
 I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

18 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
 About one vice, and fall into the other :
 Between excess and famine lies a mean,
 Plain, but not fordid ; tho' not splendid, clean.
 19 *Avidien*, or his Wife (no matter which,
 For him you'll call a 20 dog, and her a bitch) 50
 Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
 And humbly live on rabbits and on roots :
 21 One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
 And is at once their vinegar and wine.
 But on some 22 lucky day (as when they found 55
 A lost Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)

Donc vos auctor docuit Pretorius. 17 Ergo
Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit afflos,
Parebit pravi docilis Romana Juventus.

18 *Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello*
Judice : nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
Si te alio pravum detorseris. 19 Avidienus
(20 Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret)
Quinquennes oleas est, & sylvestria corna.

21 *Ac nisi mutatum parit defundere vinum, &*
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille repotia, natales, aliosque dierum

22 *Festus albatu celebret) cornu ipse bilibri*

At such a feast, 23 old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear;
Oyl, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

24 He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that;
Nor 25 stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay;
Swears, like *Albutius*, a good Cook away; 65
Nor lets, like 26 *Nævius*, ev'ry error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

27 Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)
First Health: 28 The stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A tomb of boil'd, and roast, and flesh, and fish, 71
Where bile, and wind, and Phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)

Caulibus instillat: 23 veteris non parvus aceti.

*Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, & horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupo, hac canis, aiunt.*

24 *Mundus erit qui non offendat sordibus, atque*

In neutram partem cultus miser. 25 Hic neque servus

Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia dedit,

Sævus erit: nec sic ut simplex 26 Nævius, unctam

Convivis præbebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.

27 *Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum*

Afferat. 28 In primis valeas bene: nam variæ res

Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius esca

H

Re.

Remember oft 29 the School-boys simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air. 75

30 How pale, each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest
Rise from a clergy, or a city, feast!

What life in all that ample body, say,
What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?

The soul subsides; and wickedly inclines 80
To seem, but mortal, ev'n in sound divines.

31 On morning wings how active springs the Mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind?

How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse?

32 Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 85
Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;

Quæ simplex 29 olim tibi fœderat; at simul assis

Miscueris elixa, simul conchyliâ turdis,

Dulcia se in bilem vertunt, stomachoque tumultum

Lenta feret pituita. 30 Vides ut pallidus omnis

Cœna defurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum

Hesternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat una,

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

31 Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori

Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.

32 Hæc tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam:

Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,

Sed recreare volet tenuatum corpus: ubique

Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas

Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more, the sickness of long life, old age;

33 For fainting age what cordial drop remains, 95
If our intemp'rate youth the vessel drains?

34 Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose?
Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last: 100
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

35 Why had not I in those good times my birth,
'Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear, 105
(36 That sweetest musick to an honest ear;
For faith Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song)

*Imbecilla volet. 33 Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam,
Quam puer & validus præsumis mollietiem, seu
Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus?*

34 Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant, non quia
natus

*Illis nullus erat, sed (credo) hac mente, quod hospes
Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam
Integrum edax dominus consumeret. 35 Hos utinam
inter*

Heroes natam tellus me prima tulisset!

36 *Dus aliquid Famæ? (que carmine gratior aurem
Occupat humanam) Grandes rhombi, patinæque*

Who has not learn'd, 37 fresh sturgeon and ham-pye
 Are no rewards for want, and Infamy! 110
 When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
 Curs'd by thy 38 neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how posterity will treat thy name;
 And 39 buy a rope, that future times may tell 115
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

40 "Right, cries his Lordship, for a rogue in need
 "To have a Taste, is insolence indeed;
 "In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
 "My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great. 120
 Then, like the Sun, let 41 Bounty spread her ray,
 And shine that superfluity away.
 Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
 How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
 Shall half the 42 new-built churches round thee fall? 125
 Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair *White-hall*:

Grande ferent una 37 cum damno dedecus. Adde
38 Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
39 As, laquei pretium. ———
40 Fure, inquis, Ibrasilus istis
Furgatur verbis; ego vestigalia magna,
Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. 41 Ergo
Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis?
Cur eget indignus quisquam te divite? quare
42 Templarum antiqua Deum? cur improbe! caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?

Or

Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**p's was, but not at five per cent.

43 Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind! 130

And 44 who stands safest tell me? is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?

45 Thus *Bethel* spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought. 136

His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.

In *South-sea* days not happier, when surmis'd
The Lord of thousands, than if now 46 *Excis'd*; 140

In forests planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here

On 47 brocoli and mutton, round the year;

43 *O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uter-ne*

44 *Ad cosus dubios fides sibi certius? hic, qui*

Pluribus assuerit mentem corpusque superbum?

An qui contentus parvo, metuensque futuri,

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

45 *Quo magis hoc credas, puer hanc ego parvus Ofellum*

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,

Quam nunc 46 accisis. Videas, metato in agello,

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta

Quidquam præter 47 olus fumosæ cum pede pernae.

But 48 ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play) 145
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
 'Tis true, no Turbots dignify my boards, 49
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my *Thames* affords:
 To *Hounslow-beath* I point, and *Bansted-down*,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own :
 50 From yon old walnut-tree, a show'r shall fall ; 151
 And grapes, long-lingring on my only wall,
 And figs, from standard and espalier join :
 The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine.
 Then 51 chearful healths (your Mistress shall have place)
 And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say *Grace*, 156
 Fortune not much of humbling me can boast ;
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost ?
 My Life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before, and after 52 Standing Armies came. 160

*At mihi cum 48 longum post tempus venerit hospes.
 Sive operum vacuo, &c. — bene erit, non piscibus
 urbe petitis,*

*Sed pullo atque hædo ; tum 50 pensilis uva secundas
 Et nux ornabit mensas, cum duplice ficu.*

Posthac ludus erit 51 Cuppa potare Magistra,

Ac venerata Ceres, ut culmo surgeret alto,

Explicuit vino contractæ seria frontis.

Sæviat, atque novas moveat Fortuna tumultus !

*Quantum hinc imminuit ? quanto aut ego parcius aut
 vos,*

O pueri, nituistis, ut hac 52 novus Incola venit ?

My

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
 I'll hire another's : is not that my own?
 And yours, my friends? thro' whose free-opening gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late;
 (For I, who hold sage *Homer's* rule the best, 165
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)
 " Pray heav'n it last ! (cries *Swift*) as you go on ;
 " I wish to God this house had been your own :
 " Pity ! to build, without a son or wife :
 " Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."— 170
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
 Whether the name belong to *Pope* or *Vernon* ?
 What's 53 *Property* ? dear *Swift* ! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me 54 to *Peter Walter*,
 Or, in a mortgage, prove the Lawyer's share, 175
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir,
 Or in pure 55 equity (the case not clear)
 The *Chanc'ry* takes your rents for twenty year :
 At best, it falls to some 56 ungracious son,
 Who cries, my father's damn'd, and all's my own. 180
 57 Shades, that to *Ba***n* could retreat afford,
 Are now the portion of a booby lord ;

53 *Nam propriæ telluris herum natura neque illum
 Nec me, aut quemquam statuit ; nos expulit ille,
 Illum aut 54 Nequitias, aut 55 vafri inscitia juris,
 Postremo expellet certe 56 vivacior hæres,
 57 Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
 Dictus, erit nulli proprius, sed cedit in usum*

And *Hemfley*, once proud * *Buckingham's* delight,
 Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.
 58 Let lands and houses have what lords they will, 185
 Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

*Nunc mihi, nunc alii, 58 Quocirca vivite fortes !
 Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.*

* *Villers Duke of Buckingham.*

THE
SECOND SATIRE
OF
SATIRES
OF

Dr. JOHN DONNE.

Dean of St. PAUL'S.

*Quid vetat, ut nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, & euntes
Mollius?*

HOR.

THE
SECOND SATIRE

T O



Dr. JOHN DONNE.

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
Though Poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
As, I think, that brings dearth, and Spaniards in;
Though like the pestilence, and old fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate;

One

THE
SECOND SATIRE
OF
Dr. JOHN DONNE.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too :
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still
One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside one pities, not abhors ; 5
As who knows *Sa***, smiles at other whores.

I grant that Poetry's a crying sin ;
It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army* in :
Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10
Yet like the Papists, is the Poets state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate.

Here a lean Bard whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live:

The

One, (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
 And saves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
 (Starving himself) to live by his labour'd scenes.
 As in some Organs, Puppits dance above
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.
 One would move love by rythmes; but witchcrafts charms
 Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms :
 Rams, and slings now are silly battery,
 Pistolets are the best artillery.
 And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.
 But he is worst, who (beggary) doth chew
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
 Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
 As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
 For if one eat my meat, though it be known,
 The meat was mine, the excrements his own.
 But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
 To out-doe dildoes, and out-usure Jews,
 T' out-drink the sea, to out-swear the Letanie,
 Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
 As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make :
 Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
 In which Commandments large receipt they dwell.

But

The Thief condemn'd in law already dead, 15
 So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
 Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,
 The gilded puppets dance and mount above,
 Heav'd by the breath, th' inspiring bellows blow :
 Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the Fair ; but songs no longer move,
 No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love :
 In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,
 And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get, 25
 As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
 Those write because all write, and so have still
 Excuse for writing and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed ! but far more wretched yet
 Is he who makes his meal on others wit : 30
 'Tis true 'tis chang'd from what it was before,
 His rank digestion makes it wit no more :
 Sense, past thro' him, no longer is the same,
 For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs 35
 Who live like *S—tt—n*, or who die like *Charters*,
 Out-cant old *Esdra*s, or out-drink his heir,
 Out-usure *Jews*, or *Irishmen* out-swear ;
 Wicked as pages, who in early years
 Act sins which *Prisca*'s Confessor scarce hears : 40
 Ev'n those I Pardon, for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make ;
 Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell
 In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

One,

But these punish themselves. The insolence
 Of Coscus, only, breeds my just offence,
 Whom time, (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
 And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
 Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
 But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,
 Then are new-benefic'd Ministers, he throws
 Like nets or lime-twigs wheresoe'er he goes
 His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,
 And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.
 A motion, Lady: Speak Coscus. I have been
 In love ever since tricesimo of the Queen:
 Continual claims I've made, Injunctions got
 To stay my rival's suit, that he should not
 Proceed; spare me: in Hillary term I went,
 You said, if I return'd next sixe in Lent,
 I should be in Remitter of your grace;
 In the Interim my letter should take place
 Of Affidavits. Words, words, which would tear
 The tender labyrinth of a Maids soft ear;
 More, more than tan Sclawonians scolding, more
 Than when winas in our ruin'd Abbeyes roar.
 Then sick with Paetry, and pass'est with Muse
 Thou wast, and mad I bop'd; but men which chuse
 Law practice for meer gain; bold soul repute
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk
 His hand still at a bill, now he must talk
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,

And

One, one man only breeds my just offence; 45
 Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
 Time, that at last, matures a clap to pox, [dence:
 Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
 And brings all natural events to pass,
 Hath made him an Attorney of an Afs. 30
 No young divine, new benefic'd, can be
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
 What further could I wish the fop to do,
 But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
 Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear 55
 With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year*?
 To court a wife, and spread his wily parts,
 Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich widows hearts?
 Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,
 And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?
 Language, which *Boreas* might to *Auster* hold, 60
 More rough than forty *Germans* when they scold.
 Curs'd be the wretch so venal and so vain;
 Paltry and proud, as drabs in *Drury-lane*.
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
 If *Peter* deigns to help you to your own: 65
 What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies!
 And what a solemn face if he denies!
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head, and swear
 'Twas only Suretyship that brought 'em there.
 His *Office* keeps your Parchment-fates entire, 70
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
 For you, he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,
 For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his trust;

For

*And to every suitor lye in every thing,
 Like a King's Favourite——or like a King.
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
 Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand;
 And spying beirs melting with luxury,
 Satan will not joy at their sins as he.
 For as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuff,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year
 (Reliquely kept) perchance buyes wedding chear)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre, as Maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length, (as in those first dayes
 When Luther was profest, he did desire
 Short Pater-nosters, saying as a Fryer
 Each day his beads, but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause.)
 But when he sells or changes land, h'impaires
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, ses heires,*

For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause, 75
 And lies to every Lord in every thing,
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.

These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked *Waters* ev'n to godly——
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns, 80
 Nor more of bastardy in heirs to Crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal,
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
 Till like the sea, they compass all the land,
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand. 85
 And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a Duke to *Jansen* punts at *White's*,
 Or city heir in mortgage melts away,
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that, 90
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
 Than civil *Codes*, with all their glosses are; 95
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
 Are fathers of the Church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires* :
 No commentator can more sily pass 100
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place ;
 Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out
 Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.

*As sily as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sense; or, in Divinity
 As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.*

*Where are these spread woods which cloth'd heretofore
 Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within doore.
 Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
 Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals
 Equally I hate. Mean's blest. In rich men's homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs,
 None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
 Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
 Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.*

THE

So *Luther* thought the *Pater-noster* long,
When doom'd to say his beads and Evensong; 105
But having cast his cowle, and left those laws,
Adds to *Christ's* prayer, the *Pow'r and Glory* clause.

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground?
We see no new-built palaces aspire, 110
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.

Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?

Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes
Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs; 115
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,

Carthusian fasts, and fulsome *Bacchanals*;
And all mankind might that just Mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These as good works 'tis true we all allow; 120

But, oh! these works are not in fashion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust without offence;
Let no Court-Sycophant pervert my sense, 125
Nor fly Informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

THE
FOURTH SATIRE
OF

Dr. JOHN DONNE.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.

My mind, neither with prides itch, nor hath been
Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go
To Mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
The hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse,

Before

THE
FOURTH SATIRE

OF
Dr. JOHN DONNE.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames;
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verses, or new suit to show;
Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it so.

Before be scapt; So it pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going,) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 full, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witless, and as false as they
 Which dwell in court, for once going that way.

Therefore I suffer'd this; towards me did run
 A thing more strange, than on Niles slime, the Sun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
 Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
 Than Africks Monsters, Guianæ rarities,
 Stranger than strangers: One who, for a Dane,
 In the Danes Massacre had sure been slain,
 If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
 When next the Prentices 'gainst strangers rise,
 One whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
 One, to whom the examining Justice sure would cry,
 Sir, by your Priesthood tell me what you are?

His cloaths were strange, though coarse, and black
 Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been [though bare,
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
 Become Tufftassaty; and our children shall
 See it plain, rash a while; then naught at all.

But, as the fool that in reforming days 15
 Wou'd go to Mass in jest, (as story says)
 Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God:
 So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
 Who live at Court, for going once that way! 25

Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which *Adam* had been pos'd to name; 25
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
 Where all the race of Reptiles might embark:
 A verier monster than on *Africk's* shore,
 The sun e'er got, or slimy *Nilus* bore,
 Or *Sloane* or *Woodward's* wondrous shelves contain; 30
 Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon;
 At night, wou'd swear him dropt out of the moon:
 One whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take; 35
 And the wise Justice starting from his chair
 Cry, by your Priesthood tell me what you are?

Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back
 Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
 The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40
 Was velvet in the youth of good queen *Bess*,
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
 So time that changes all things, had ordain'd!

*The thing hath travail'd, and faith, speaks all tongues,
 And only knoweth what to all States belongs.
 Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast;
 But pedants motly tongue, souldiers bumbast,
 Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the termes of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd complement:
 In which he can win widdows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest Whores,
 Out-flatter favourites, or out-lie either
 Jovius, or Surius, or both together.*

*He names me, and comes to me ; I whisper, God
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wraths furious rod,
 This fellow, chuseth me ! He saith, Sir,
 I love your Judgment, whom do you prefer
 For the best Linguist ? and I seelily
 Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.
 Nay, but of men, most sweet, Sir ? Beza then,
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
 Of our two academies I named : here
 He stopt me, and said, nay your Apostles were*

Good

Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45

This thing has travel'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for every state to do :
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers, I've learn'd to bear ; *Motteux* I knew, 50
Henley himself I've heard, and *Budgel* too :

The Doctor's Wormwood style, the Hash of tongues
A Pedant makes, the storm of *Gonson's* lungs,
The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar : 55
These I cou'd bear ; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will complement you to the devil.
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make *Scots* speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
And *Oldmixon* and *Burnet* both out-lie.

He spies me out, I whisper, gracious God !
What sin of mine cou'd merit such a rod ?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me ! 65
Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
To crave your Sentiment, if ——'s your name.
What *Speech* esteem you most ?—"The *King's*, said I.
But the best words ?—"O Sir, the *Dictionary*.
You miss my aim ; I mean the most acute 70
And perfect Speaker ?—"Onslow, past dispute.
But Sir, of writers ? *Swift*, for closer style,
" But *Hs**y* for a period of a mile.

Why

*Good pretty Linguists, so Panurgus was ;
 Yet a poor Gentleman ; all these may pass
 By travail. Then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
 That I was fain to say, if you had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have been Interpreter
 To Babels bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.*

*He adds, if of Court life you knew the good,
 You would leave loneness. I said, not alone
 My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion
 To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
 Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste ;
 No more can Princes Courts, though there be few
 Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue.*

*He like to a high-stretcht Lute-string squeaks, O sir,
 'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,
 Said I, the man that keeps the Abby tombs,
 And for his price, doth with whoever comes
 Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk,
 From King to King, and all their kin can walk :
 Your ears shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
 Kings only : The way to it is Kings street.
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic, course,
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.*

Are

Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass;
 Good common linguists, and so *Panurge* was; 75
 Nay, troth, th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
 Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
 Affirm 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus others talents having nicely shown, 80
 He came by sure transition to his own:
 Till I cry'd out, You prove your self so able,
 Pity! you was not Druggerman at *Babel*;
 For had they found a linguist half so good,
 I make no question but the Tow'r had stood. 85

"Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made:

"Why then for ever buried in the shade?

"Spirits like you, should see and shou'd be seen,

"The King would smile on you—at least the Queen.

Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers so cajol us— 90

But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus*:

And as for Courts, forgive me if I say

No lessons now are taught the *Spartan* way:

Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,

Few are the Converts *Aretine* has made; 95

And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear,

None shou'd, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,

Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies:

"Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100

"To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!

Then happy Man who shows the Tombs said I,

He dwells amidst the royal Family; *

He

*Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
 I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
 Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I, of this mind am,
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
 Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not fly; I chaf'd him: But as Itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron grown'd
 Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,
 Crossing hart me. To fit my sullenness,
 He to another key his style doth dress;
 And asks what news; I tell him of new plays,
 He takes my hand, and as a Still which staves
 A Sembrief, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
 As loath to enrich me, so tells many a ly.
 More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
 Of trivial household trash: He knows, he knows
 When the Queen frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what
 A subtile Statesman may gather of that;
 He knows whom loves whom; and who by poison
 Hasts to an Offices reversion;
 Who wasts in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes,
 Who loveth whores, and who boys, and who goats.
 He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A license, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-*

Shells

He every day, from King to King can walk,
 Of all our *Harries*, all our *Edwards* talk, 105
 And get by speaking truth of monarch's dead,
 What few can of the living, Ease and bread.
 " Lord, Sir, a meer mechanick! strangely low,
 " And coarse of phrase—your *English* all are so.
 " How elegant the *Frenchman*?—Mine, d'ye mean?
 I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean. 111
 " Oh! Sir, politely well! nay, let me die,
 " Your only wearing is your *Padua-joy*."
 Not Sir my only, I have better still,
 And this you see is but my dishabille — 115
 Wild to get loose, his Patience I provoke,
 Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
 But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
 And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
 So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120
 You only make the matter worse and worse.
 He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
 At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
 He asks, "what News! I tell him of new Plays,
 New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. 125
 He hears, and as a Still with simples in it,
 Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute:
 Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
 By little, and by little, drops his lies.
 Meer houshold trash! of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
 More than ten *Hollingsheads*, or *Halls*, or *Stows*. 131
 When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and what
 A subtile Minister may make of that?

Who

*Shells to transport; shortly boys shall not play
 At span-counter, or blow point, but shall pay
 Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us,
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, and spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet
 He thrust on more, and as he had undertook,
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all States and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards come, to th' loss of Amyens.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat
 To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
 He saith our wars thrive ill, because delai'd;
 That Offices are intail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
 As the last day; and that great Officers
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.*

I more

Who sins with whom? who got his Pension rug,
Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug? 135
Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Bishop or a Whore?
Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government?
Who in the secret, deals in Stocks secure, 140
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor?
Who makes a Trust, or Charity a Job?
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob?
Why Turnpikes rose, and now no Cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country, or the town? 145
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising Courtier will have toll.
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife?
And last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
What Lady's face is not a whited wall?
As one of *Woodward's* patients, sick and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more?
Trims *Europe's* balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart. 155
Like a big wife, at sight of loathsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, I sweat.
Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
Swears every place entail'd for years to come 160
In sure succession to the day of doom:
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;

Nay

*I more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt my self then
Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
One of our Giant Statutes ope his jaw,
To suck me in for bearing him : I found
That as burnt venomous Leaches do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and be free : Therefore I did show
All signs of loathing ; but since I am in,
I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross ; but the bower
Of mercy now was come : he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,
And says, sir, can you spare me ? I said ; willingly ;
Nay, sir, can you spare me a crown ? thankfully I
Gave it, as ransom ; but as fiddlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you : so did he
With his long complemental thanks vex me :
But he is gone, thanks to this needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown : scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)
Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.*

At

Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
 That *Spain* robs on, and *Dunkirk's* still a Port. 165
 Not more amazement seiz'd on *Circe's* guests,
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
 Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wise
 Already half turn'd traitor by surprize.
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170
 As in the pox, some give it to get free;
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statutes ope its jaw!

In that nice moment, as another lye
 Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by. 17
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again——
 Then close as *Umbra*, joins the dirty train.
 Not *Fannius* self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.
 I quak'd at heart; and still afraid to see 180
 All the Court fill'd with stranger-things than he,
 Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail,
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
 To wholesom Solitude, the nurse of sense: 185
 There contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
 And the free soul looks down to pity Kings.
 There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
 Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
 A Vision hermits can to hell transport, 190
 And force ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.
 Not *Dante* dreaming all th' infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
 Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me: 195

*At home in wholsom solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness
 Of suiters at court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his, who dream't he saw hell, did advance
 It self o'er me: such men as he saw there
 I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear
 Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser: Then,
 Shall I, none's slave, of high born or rais'd men
 Fear frozen; and my mistress truth, betray thee
 For th' buffing, braggart, puffed nobility?
 No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
 Think he which made your * Waxen garden, and
 Transported it, from Italy, to stand
 With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
 Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
 Some of the stocks are; their fruits bastard all.*

*'Tis ten a clock and past; all whom the mues,
 Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
 In the Presence, and I, (God pardon me)
 As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be
 Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
 Those hose are, cry the flatterers; and bring
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well*

* A show of the Italian Gardens in Waxwork, in the time of King James the First.

Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
 Care, if a livery'd Lord or smile or frown?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
 O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee, 200
 For huffing, braggart, puffed Nobility?
 Thou who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh sun! beheld an emptier sort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a Court? 205
 Now pox on those who shew a * *Court in wax!*
 It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
 Such painted puppets, such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face;
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things—— 210
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.

See! where the *British* youth engag'd no more
 At *Fig's*† or *White's*, with Felons, or a Whore,
 Pay their last duty to the court! and come
 All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room; 215
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine
 As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
 "That's velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer swears:
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King *Lear's*.
 Our court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
 That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
 And why not players strut in courtiers cloaths?
 For these are actors too, as well as those:

* A famous show of the Court of *France* in Waxwork.

† *Fig's*, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility receiv'd instruction in those days; *White's* was a noted gaming-house: it was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned Criminals in *Newgate*.

*At stage, as court; all are players. Who'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
 Shall find their wardrobes inventory Now
 The ladies come. As pirats, which do know
 That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel.
 The men board them; and praise (as they think) well,
 Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And women by all reds which scarlets dye.
 He call'd her beauty limetwigs, her hair net:
 She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set.
 Would not Heracitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoo, himself at door refine,
 As if the Presence were a Mosch: and list
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
 Making them confess not only mortal
 Great stains and holes in them, ou: venial
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
 Perfect as Circles, with such nicety
 As a young Preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
 Him not so much as good will, he arrests
 And unto her protests, protests, protests,
 So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
 Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition;
 And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a
 Pursevant would have ravish'd him away*

For

Wants reach all states; they beg but better dress,
 And all is splended poverty at best. 225
 Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l;
 Sail in the Ladies: How each pyrate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
 Top gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him.
 " Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!
 And " Sweet Sir *Fopling*! you have so much wit!
 Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought;
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235
 'Twoud burst ev'n *Heracitus* with the spleen,
 To see those anticks; *Fopling* and *Courtin*:
 The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The mosque of *Mabound*, or some queer Pa-god.
 See them survey their limbs by *Durer's* rules, 240
 Of all beau-kind the best-proportion'd fools!
 Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw:
 But, oh! what terrors must distract the soul
 Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole; 245
 Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those monkey tails that wag behind their head!
 Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
 So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, 250
 With band of Lilly, and with cheek of Rose,
 Sweeter than *Sharon*, in immac'late trim,
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.
 Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest;
 Prodigious! how the things *protest*, *protest*: 255

For saying our Ladies Psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorius that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth
 Call a rough carelessness, good fashion :
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him ; he rushes in, as if arm, arm,
 He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse ; he keeps all in awe ;
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
 Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from gaols to execution go,
 Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins ? *) being among
 Those Askaparts †, men big enough to throw
 Charing Cross for a bar, men that do know
 No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
 Living ; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
 I shook like a spied Spie ——— Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drown the sins of this place, for as for me
 Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
 To wash the stains away : Although I yet
 (With Maccabees modesty) the known merit
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
 I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.

* The Room hung with old Tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins.

† A Giant famous in Romances.

Peace fools, or *Gonson* will for *Papists* seize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jesu! Jesu!*

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
Just as one Beauty mortifies another.

But here's the Captain that will plague them both, 260

Whose air cries arm! whose very look's an oath:

The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,

Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.

He spits fore-right: his haughty chest before

Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door; 265

And with a face as red, and as awry,

As *Herod's* hang-dogs in old Tapestry,

Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,

Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;

Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270

Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted I quit the room, but leave it so

As men from Jayls to execution go;

For hung with * deadly sins I see the wall,

And lin'd with Giants, deadlier than 'em all: 275

Each man an *Askapart*, of strength to toss

For Quoits, both *Temple-bar* and *Charing-Cross*.

Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,

And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are no match for wits so weak as mine: 280

Charge them with Heaven's Artill'ry, bold Divine!

From such alone the Great rebukes endure,

Whose satyr's sacred, and whose rage secure:

'Tis mine to wash a few slight stains, but theirs

To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears. 285

Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my wit,

In time to come, may pass for holy writ.

EPITAPHS.

*His saltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere !* VIRG.

I.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

*One of the Principal Secretaries of State to
King William III. who having resigned
his place, dyed in his Retirement at East-
hamsted in Berkshire, 1716.*

A Pleasing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too,
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true.
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of wrangling, yet a Zeal for truth,

A ge-

A gen'rous Faith, from superstition free ;
 A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny ;
 Such this man was ; who now from earth remov'd,
 At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

II.

*On CHARLES Earl of DORSET,
 In the Church of Withyam in Suffex.*

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muses Pride,
 Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd !
 The Scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,
 Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State :
 Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,
 His Anger moral, and his Wildom gay.
 Blest Satyrift! who touch'd the Mean so true,
 As shew'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
 Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,
 Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his Ease.
 Blest Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace
 Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
 Where other *Buckbursts*, other *Dorsets* shine,
 And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the Line.

III. *On*

III.

On the Honble SIMON HARCOURT,

*Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT: at
the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire,
1720.*

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art ! draw near,
Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most
dear :

Who ne'er knew Joy but Friendship might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak !
If POPE must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak,
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
And, with a Fathers sorrows, mix his own !

IV.

Intended for Mr. ROWE,

In Westminster-Abbey.

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair tomb we trust,
And sacred, place by DRYDEN's awful dust :
Beneath

Beneath a *rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy urn shall guide inquiring eyes.
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
 Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

* The Tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph,

*This Sheffield rais'd. The sacred Dust below
 Was Dryden once: The rest who does not know?*

which the Author since chang'd into the plain Inscription now upon it, being only the Name of that great Poet,

D R Y D E N.

*Natus Aug. 9. 1631.
 Mortuus Maij 1. 1701.*

Johannes Sheffield. Dux Buckinghamiensis, fecit.

V.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who dyed of a Cancer in her Breast.

HERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,
 Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense;
 No conquests she, but o'er herself desir'd,
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,
 So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
 Heav'n as its purest gold by Tortures try'd;
 The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VI.

*On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT
 DIGBY, and of his Sister MARY, erected by their
 Father the Lord DIGBY, in the Church of
 Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.*

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom, and pacifick truth:
 Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great.

Just

Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear.
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind :
 Go live! for Heav'n's Eternal year is thine,
 Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou blest Maid! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more !
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take these Tears, Mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
 These little rites, a Stone, a Verse, receive,
 'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give !

VII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,
In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Master taught,
 Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures
 thought :

Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
 Whate'er was Beauteous, or whate'er was Great,
 Lies crown'd with Princes Honours, Poets Lays,
 Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of Praise.

* Living,

* Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

VIII.

*On General HENRY WITHERS,
In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.*

HERE WITHERS rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of Human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O soft Humanity, in Age belov'd!

For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.

WITHERS adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial spirit, or thy Social love!
Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave some ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us say, (those *English* glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

IX.

*On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,
At Easthamsted in Berks, 1730.*

THIS modest Stone what few vain Marbles can
May truly say, here lies an honest Man.

* *Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.*

—Raphael, timuit quo sospite, vinçi
Rerum magna parens, & moriente, mori.

A Poet,

A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,
 Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and Great :
 Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
 Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
 Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;
 From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

X.

On Mr. G A Y,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild ;
 In Wit, a Man ; Simplicity, a Child :
 With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age :
 Above Temptation, in a low Estate,
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great ;
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
 Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
 These are Thy Honours ! not that here thy Bust
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust ;
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies G A Y.*

 XI.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON
in Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur Tempus, Natnra, Cælum :

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night :
 GOD said, *Let Newton be !* And all was Light.

8 II 58

F I N I S.

